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MY DIARY IN MEXICO

IN 1867.

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MY DIARY IN MEXICO

IN 1867, INCLUDING THE

LAST DAYS OF THE EMPEROR MAXIMILIAN;

WITH LEAVES FROM

THE DIARY OF THE PRINCESS SALM-SALM,

ETC.

BY FELIX SALM-SALM,

GENERAL, FIRST AIDE-DE-CAMP, AND CHIEF OF THE HOUSEHOLD
OF HIS LATE MAJESTY THE EMPEROR MAXIMILIAN
OF MEXICO.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

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LEAVES FROM THE DIARY

OF THE

PRINCESS SALM-SALM.

LEAVES

FROM THE DIARY OF

PRINCESS SALM-SALM.

I HAVE seen and heard much during these last six years, as I generally accompanied my husband in the field in the American war, and there became an eye-witness of many interesting incidents, and acquainted with almost all the generals and other persons who played an important part in that revolutionary period.

For some time I lived in New York and Washington; and, as I had to carry out certain purposes, I came in contact with all the leading politicians, and heard and observed a great deal.

When I went with my husband to Mexico, chance would have it that I had to play my little part in that tragedy which was enacted there also.

In a word, I am generally supposed to have

something to tell, and many friends desired me to write my experiences of these last six years. This I promised to do, and this can be done the more easily as I always kept a diary, and have, besides, a most excellent memory.

This intention, however, I cannot yet find leisure to carry out, and am uncertain how soon it will be in my power to do so; but as my husband is publishing his diary in Mexico, and requested me at least to give a short account of some of the occurrences in which I played a part, I could not refuse to give him some leaves of my diary. Though very incomplete, these may serve at least to throw some more light on certain occurrences which took place during the last days of poor Emperor Maximilian.

DIARY OF THE PRINCESS.

The Emperor was now besieged by the Liberals in Querétaro, and my husband was with him. We had not received any news from them for a long time, and the most contradictory reports were in circulation in Mexico with regard to them. I did not then live in the city itself, but in the house of the former Mexican consul-general of Hamburgh, M. Fred Hube, in Tacubaya, a fine place not far from the capital, where many rich Mexicans have summer residences.

It was in March that we received news that General Marquez had arrived from Querétaro with three thousand men, and all Mexico was in a flutter of excitement. As I was extremely anxious to hear news of my husband, I requested M. Hube to accompany me to the general, to which he readily consented.

General Marquez received us very graciously. He was now a very great personage, and liked to show his importance. The Emperor had made him Lugarteniente of the empire, but he

behaved and spoke as though the Emperor were only his pupil, and he himself the principal personage in all Mexico. To me, however, he was very condescending, and his sinister, swarthy face was all friendly wrinkles. He had cut off his beard, which generally concealed a scar of a shot-wound in his face, and he did not look the better for it.

He spoke, however, of the prince in the highest terms, said that he was one of the bravest officers in Querétaro, and that he had very recently distinguished himself by taking six guns from the Liberals at the head of a handful of men. For his brave behaviour on this occasion, *he* had decorated him, and *he* had appointed him general, the very day before he left.

We went also to visit General Vidaurri, who came with Marquez. He confirmed what Marquez had told us about the state of affairs in the besieged city; that all was going on extremely well there, and that my husband had greatly distinguished himself. The worthy old general spoke of him with great warmth, and said that he loved him like his own son.

The good news which Marquez brought to Mexico about the state of affairs in Querétaro gladdened all our hearts, and festivals, balls, fireworks, etc., followed each other in rapid

succession in Mexico during the next two days. During this time great preparations were being made to march against Porfirio Diaz, who was advancing on Puebla. To attack him, and annihilate his army, were, said Marquez, the instructions of the Emperor.

Everything was at last ready, and Marquez marched from Mexico with all the foreign troops, leaving only a very small garrison of Mexicans in that city, which were not even sufficient to prevent the Liberal guerillas from coming within the garitas, and fighting was going on all the time around Tacubaya. After Marquez and the army had left us three days, reports of a great victory reached Mexico. Porfirio Diaz was beaten, and his whole army dispersed. That report, however, did not last long. On the fourth day after his absence Marquez, accompanied only by twelve horsemen, returned a fugitive, twelve hours in advance of his whole army, which had been totally defeated at San Lorenzo, on the 8th of April, and lost all its guns. Had Porfirio Diaz been able to follow up his victory fast enough to reach Mexico within two days after the return of our utterly demoralized army, he might have occupied that city without any difficulty. He, however, only reached the neighbourhood of the capital on the third day, when the Im-

perial troops had recovered a little from their defeat.

The advanced guard of the Liberal army passed our house in Tacubaya, and I admired their fine horses and uniforms, the greater part of which they had taken from the Imperialists. Tacubaya and Chapultepec were occupied by the Liberals without any resistance, and preparations for the siege of Mexico were commenced.

During the following night I dreamt that I saw my husband dying. The Emperor leant over him, held his hand, and said, with deep emotion, "Oh, my dear friend, you must not leave me alone now!" My husband called out my name. Fighting was going on all around, and everywhere I saw blood, and all the horrors of battle. The same dream was repeated during the next night. Again I saw my husband dying, and heard him loudly call my name. Battle was raging again: all was dark; and from the sombre clouds lightning was flashing every instant. In the third night I had again the same dream; my husband calling out for me louder than ever. It was natural that such dreams, three times repeated, should make me extremely uneasy, and the more so as I am a believer in dreams. I made up my mind, therefore, to go to Mexico, and to have an interview with

Baron Magnus, and the commanders of the foreign troops, and try what I could do to save the Emperor and my husband, who, it seemed to me, were in the greatest danger.

When I told old M. Hube that I intended to go to Mexico, he opposed my purpose very much, and became quite excited about it. He said he would do all in his power to prevent me from doing such a rash thing. He was responsible for me, he said; I had been placed in his house by my husband, and he would not suffer me to commit any such absurdity.

Now I had been received into that friendly house with the utmost kindness, and M. and Madame Hube had treated me as parents would their child. I therefore felt grieved to be obliged to do anything which displeased them so much. However there are certain impulses which it is impossible to resist, and against which all reasons are powerless. On this occasion I felt as if urged on by invisible hands to follow the voice of my heart. Although I feigned to be convinced by M. Hube, yet I was decided to go under any circumstances.

M. Hube and his lady did not, however, trust me; and as he was afraid I might abscond during the night, he not only locked the gate, but took the key with him into his room. It was necessary, therefore, to wait until the

morning, when the stable servants came at six o'clock, and the house was open. I then stole from my room, accompanied by my chamber-maid, Margarita, and my faithful four-legged companion, Jimmy. However, M. Hube was on the look out, and when I was just leaving the house he came from behind a corner, stood before me with a very dark long face, and said, "Well, princess!" I only answered, "Good morning, M. Hube," and passed on towards the railway depôt. He took, however, another road, and headed me off, and when I came to the depôt I found him again. "Where are you going?" he asked. I told him that I was going to Mexico, but without mentioning anything about my dreams (at which he only would have laughed) or of my intention. He now commenced again a new assault. He said that I might be killed, or run other risks amongst the soldiers; and for two mortal hours he exhausted his whole arsenal of common-sense arguments, which of course had not the slightest effect upon me, as I had made up my mind, and was firmly resolved to have my way. I thanked him for all his kindness, and all the trouble he took about me, but declared that I must and would go. The dear old gentleman turned quite pale, and did not say a word more to detain me.

I had to walk with my maid and Jimmy a league and a half to Chapultepec. The whole road was filled with Liberal officers and soldiers, who knew me, however, as they had seen me at M. Hube's, who belonged to the Liberal party. They therefore greeted me, and let me pass unmolested.

When I arrived at Chapultepec, I asked for the commanding officer, a Colonel Leon, who had been two years in the United States' service, and spoke English tolerably well. When he was brought from a restaurant where he took his breakfast, he received me with extreme politeness. I told him that I was in great anxiety about my husband and the Emperor, and that I longed very much to do something to save them. For this purpose I wanted to go to Mexico, to speak to the commanders of the foreign troops, and to ascertain whether they would surrender if General Porfirio Diaz would engage himself to secure life and liberty to the Emperor and his officers, if they should fall into the hands of the Liberals.

The colonel told me that Querétaro could not hold out much longer. The city was very closely besieged, and the garrison already starving. He would permit me to pass through his outposts, and I promised to return as soon as I had heard the opinion of the foreign

colonels. He gave me his arm, and went with me about three quarters of a league to the outposts, Margarita and Jimmy following. In order that our men might not think that I was stealing into the city, I went right across the open field towards the garita, which was defended by a battery. The officer commanding there recognized me, and I had no difficulties. The soldiers very politely laid boards across the ditch, and helped me over the rampart of the battery.

I went directly to the house of the Prussian minister, Baron von Magnus, whom I found at home. He received me with a little formality and coldness, for he had, I do not know for what reasons, a prejudice against Hube, and was not at all pleased that I took up my residence in that family. Taking, however, not much notice of his diplomatical stiffness, I told him why I had come to Mexico, and that I wanted to see Colonel Kodolitsch and Count Khevenhüller, of whom Colonel Leon had spoken in the highest terms, because they had fought so bravely at San Lorenzo, and promised on his word of honour, that if they would come out for a conversation, he would let them return to the city, whatever might be the result.

Baron Magnus changed his manner at once when he heard my plan, and how I was pro-

ceeding to carry it out. He liked my idea very much, but, of course, wanted to direct my movements, and was very sanguine of a satisfactory result, if I would be guided by him. He ordered his carriage, and I drove to the quarters of Colonel Kodolitsch, who was not at home, but whom I found with Count Khevenhüller.

Colonel Kodolitsch was willing to go out and talk with Colonel Leon, but only under the condition, that Baron Magnus had nothing to do with the whole affair, "as the Baron was rather inclined to act as he pleased, and to appropriate the merit to himself which was due to others." I told him that I had already made an engagement with the minister, and I could not drop him now. The colonels then promised to speak, as soon as possible, to their officers and men, and let me know the result. Baron Magnus then went with me to Madame Macholowitsch, the Mexican wife of an Austrian officer, where I stayed that night.

Next morning, I saw the two colonels. Count Khevenhüller was for surrender. It was clear, he said, that General Marquez had acted treacherously with regard to the Emperor, and though he was ready to give a hundred lives for his Sovereign, he did not want to sacrifice himself or his men for Marquez.

Kodolitsch, however, was of the opinion

that it was not desirable to treat about surrender, without having first heard reliable news from Querétaro, and ascertained the will of the Emperor. Though he was willing to hear what conditions the enemy might be ready to grant, he could not meet Colonel Leon, as Marquez, who must have some suspicion, had issued an order that morning, threatening to shoot any officer or soldier who would communicate with the enemy in any manner. I then requested them to give me a written authorization to treat in the name of the foreign officers and soldiers; but they thought this also too dangerous, and wanted me to go on my own account and to make two propositions to General Porfirio Diaz. The first was, that he should permit me, or another person, to travel to Querétaro, to inform the Emperor of the true state of affairs in Mexico, and to know his will, for which purpose an armistice should be made for seven days. If the Liberal general would not consent to this, I should under the circumstances, offer him the surrender of all foreign troops, under the condition that Porfirio Diaz would give in writing his word of honour that he would guarantee the life of the Emperor, and the foreign troops, if they should become prisoners.

It seemed to me absurd to go to Porfirio Diaz, without any proof that I was really

deputed by the foreign troops. I therefore requested Baron Magnus to give me at least a few lines. This he declined also to do, but told me that he knew another way which would answer the purpose just as well. There lived, he said, in Mexico, a Madame Baz, whose husband was a Liberal general, on the staff of General Porfirio Diaz, and who, if the city should be taken, would become its governor. This lady was always in communication with the enemy, and acted, in fact, as their spy. She might be used in this affair, and inform her husband that I should come as the deputy of the minister and the colonels.

Baron Magnus and I drove to Mrs. Baz, and took with us Mr. Scholler, the chancellor of the minister, who spoke Spanish perfectly well, and could explain everything to that lady without creating mistakes and misunderstandings.

Madame Baz was a very clever woman, and frequently used to carry on difficult negociations. At the time when the French were still in Mexico, she was frequently in the camp of the enemy in all kinds of disguises. Her information was always so correct, and so well-timed, that the Liberals gave her the name of their "Guardian Angel." She was about thirty years of age, of medium height, and slender

build; her face was thin, her forehead broad, her eyes dark, and her whole countenance beaming with intelligence and energy.

When the above-mentioned propositions were stated to her, Baron Magnus declared that he would defray any expenses for travelling, or escort, or other purposes to any amount.

Madame Baz told me that she would accompany me herself to Porfirio Diaz, and endeavour to persuade him to accept the stated propositions, but she could not go until next day, as she had to wait for news from her husband.

I had promised to Colonel Leon to return and let him know the opinion of the foreign officers, and was afraid if I stayed too long in the city he might become suspicious about me. I therefore again left Mexico, and went to Caza San Jago Colorado, where I met Colonel Leon. He told me that he had seen Porfirio Diaz, and informed him of my plans. The general had given, it appeared, this affair into the hands of Colonel ———, to whom I should have to state the conditions of the officers. I told Colonel Leon that Madame Baz would go with me to Porfirio Diaz next day, herself. He insisted, however, on my seeing the colonel, and we drove to his headquarters in Tacubaya.

The colonel expected me; but when I told him that I would come next day with Madame Baz, he

permitted me to return to Mexico, where I had promised to be before evening. Meanwhile, it had become dark, and when I, with my maid and Jimmy, approached the garita, the sentinel called out, "Who goes there?" In my surprise, I made a very sad *mistake*, for instead of answering "Amigo," I very resolutely called out, "Enemigo!" The sentinel answered at once by a shot, but the bullet whizzed harmlessly past us. As I was, however, afraid of a more effective repetition of the dose, I sought shelter behind the arches of the aqueduct, which runs there, and Margarita, frightened out of her wits, knelt down, and prayed to all the saints of the almanack.

To make them understand at the garita that I was by no means an "enemigo," I called to the soldiers, and cried out, "Viva Maximiliano." My good luck would so have it, that old Colonel Campos, who knew me, had the command of the garita, and he recognized my voice. He accordingly came out and fetched us, and was quite in distress that one of his soldiers should have fired at me.

When I went next morning to Madame Baz, she said that she must wait until two o'clock p.m., when she should hear from her husband. Returning at that hour to her house, she told me that her husband had been ordered last night to go to Escobedo, and that she

therefore could not accompany me; she would, however, send a messenger to Porfirio Diaz, with a note stating that I was really deputed by the Prussian minister, and the foreign officers. I tried hard to induce her to go with me, but she would not. I therefore had again to go alone. Colonel Leon and the others waited for me with an escort, to bring me and Madame Baz to Porfirio Diaz.

As I had not changed my dress for three days, and was to go on horseback to headquarters, which were several leagues from Tacubaya, I went to the house of Madame Hube. As I did not tell her what I was about, she was very angry with me, for the most absurd reports about my queer doings had reached her ear. Much as I regretted the displeasure of that dear kind soul, I thought it better to let her think for awhile what she pleased, and told her only that I was going to headquarters, on which she informed me that I should find M. Hube there.

Colonel Leon kindly lent me his handsome black Mexican horse, and I soon arrived at the village of Guadalup. There, at the headquarters of the Liberal general, fifty persons at least waited to see him; amongst them I saw M. Hube, who looked on me with a very serious face. When, however, I told him that I came

as deputed by the foreign officers to treat about the surrender under certain conditions, and requested him to be my interpreter with Porfirio Diaz, his manner suddenly changed, and he praised me beyond my merit. I sent in my card and was immediately admitted. The general is a man of medium height, with a rather handsome face and brilliant, dark, and very intelligent eyes. He wore a blue cut-away coat with brass buttons, blue trousers, and high boots. He received me very politely, and shook hands with me. He said that he had been informed by his officers that I had to offer some conditions from the foreign troops in Mexico for surrender, and that he would hear what they had to say. I asked whether he had received a letter from Madame Baz, and he said he had, but of course wanted more detailed propositions. M. Hube then spoke to him, and did it with much feeling, and in a most creditable manner. He implored the general to agree to the proposed conditions, which would end at once all bloodshed; he pointed out to him all the consequences and advantages of such a course, and the old gentleman felt so much all he said that he had tears in his eyes.

The general did not like the proposed armistice of seven days, and, as I ascertained at a later period, did not believe me. He was con-

vinced that I wanted only to go to Querétaro to carry messages from the garrison of Mexico, which might end with a plan to attack the Liberals. Of Marquez he was perfectly certain that he would employ the armistice in fortifying the city. The general therefore answered that it was beyond his power to make any promises in reference to the Emperor or the troops in Querétaro. He commanded only one half of the army, and could only treat about Mexico. He would not accept the surrender of that city under any conditions; he was sure to take it, and would not suffer Marquez and others to escape who ought to be hung. If, however, the foreign troops would come out and surrender, he would grant them life and liberty, and everything they could carry with them except arms. He would take them at the expense of the government to any port they desired, in order to return to Europe. If, however, I was determined to go to Querétaro he would give me a pass and a letter to Escobedo, to whom he must leave it whether he would permit me to enter that city or no.

It was about four o'clock p.m., and after having taken a cup of coffee with the general, I mounted my horse to return to Mexico, in order to hear what the foreign officers had to answer to the proposition of Diaz. As it was bright

daylight and the garita I came from was about four miles from Guadalup, I resolved to enter Mexico by the Garita de Guadalup. An escort led by an officer accompanied me as far as they could venture, and fixing my white handkerchief to my riding-whip I rode at a gallop towards the garita.

When I passed a little bridge in front of the fortification, so close to it that I could distinguish the faces of the soldiers, the sentinel fired a shot at me, which I took as a hint to stop. I therefore stopped, expecting that the officer would send out some men to examine me. I saw them line the breastwork, but had no idea what they were about, when suddenly they fired a volley at me. The bullets whizzed round my head, one even grazing my hair, others striking the ground around my horse. At this I was more angry than frightened, for it was so stupid to fire at a single woman, as if I could have stormed their battery. My first impulse was to rush upon the cowards, and send my whip round their long ears, but when I heard behind me the clatter of the hoofs of my escort who advanced to my assistance, and saw the soldiers in the battery reload their guns in great hurry, I would not endanger others, and turned round. My little black Mexican horse darted off like an arrow, and I bent my head

down to his neck. The wretches sent another volley after me, but fortunately they did not wound either me or my horse.

As I heard afterwards, the battery was manned with raw recruits, Indians, who did not know anything about the meaning of my white handkerchief attached to my riding-whip, and when I came on the officer commanding was just taking a drink. Marquez heard that they had fired on a flag of truce, without knowing, however, that it was I, and the officer was punished.

Twenty-five men and five or six Liberal officers came to meet me; all were very much concerned, and would scarcely believe that I had not been wounded. As I would not again risk a volley, I resolved to enter the garita where Colonel Campos commanded, and General Porfirio Diaz was kind enough to give me an escort of ten men. Before, however, we reached the garita I was overtaken by a tremendous thunderstorm and rain which thoroughly drenched me, and instead of going to Mexico I went to Tacubaya, where I was received by Madame Hube with open arms, for her husband had told her on what kind of adventures I had been out.

Next day, the 19th of April, was Good Friday, when no horse, mule, or carriage is permitted to show itself in the city of Mexico. It was necessary to hear the opinion of Baron

Magnus and the colonels, and I was therefore obliged to walk many miles in the heat of the sun. I saw first Baron Magnus and afterwards the colonels, and told them the offer of Porfirio Diaz, but they said they could not accept it without first knowing the will of the Emperor. I proposed then to go on my own responsibility to Querétaro, but Baron Magnus opposed this, and would not even consent to my leaving Mexico again. He wished that I would remain at least a few days, hoping that we might hear in the meanwhile something positive from Querétaro. As I had promised Porfirio Diaz to return, I did not like to stay so long in Mexico, but at last I yielded to the urgency of the Baron. The latter seemed to be afraid that Marquez had received some intelligence of what was going on, and that I might be arrested on my way.

When I was in the camp of the Liberals, Colonel Leon told me that he had under his charge a number of Imperialists, captured at San Lorenzo, who were destitute even of food and clothes, and were in a most miserable condition. If I could do something for them in Mexico, and bring them some clothes and money, he most readily would permit me to deliver it to them myself. Accordingly I spoke about it to Baron Magnus and the Austrian

officers, and we collected for this purpose a hundred dollars, which were placed in my hands.

On the 24th of April I went again to Baron Magnus, told him that it was my purpose to return to Tacubaya to make preparations for my journey to Querétaro, and asked for his instructions.

On the 25th of April, in the morning, the minister sent his carriage for me, and I drove to the garita. From thence I went to the Casa Colorado, where I saw Colonel Leon, and informed him that I had some money for the foreign prisoners. He led me himself into the Castle of Chapultepec, and called the prisoners in. They were a Captain Rudolf Spornberger, with several sergeants—altogether fifteen persons. They had scarcely any clothes, and were indeed in a very miserable condition. I gave the captain twenty-five dollars, and each of the others five dollars, for which they gave me a receipt. The receipt is still in my possession, to prove that I did not forget my commission.

From thence I went to Tacubaya. By the manner of the Liberal officers and soldiers, I saw that there was something wrong, and when I came to the house of Madame Hube, I found them all in tears, and in great anxiety. I do not know what had happened during my absence, but on the 24th April, Porfirio Diaz

had issued an order that all persons who proposed to leave Mexico under the pretext of negociating, should be shot; and as I was in that position they fancied me already in my coffin. I wanted to go immediately to the general, in order to excuse myself for my long absence, but Madame Hube would not let me go, and detained me for several hours. Whilst I was thus detained, a carriage and four drove up before the door, and an officer informed me that he had orders to take me directly to the headquarters of the general. Of course there was great lamentation at Madame Hube's, but I was obliged to obey; and after having packed up a few clothes, I entered the carriage together with Margarita and Jimmy.

When we arrived at headquarters, an adjutant of Porfirio Diaz informed me that I was to leave Mexico immediately, and handed me a passport, requesting me to name any port from which I should wish to sail, to which I should be brought by an escort.

This whole arrangement did not at all suit me, and I made up my mind to mar it. I therefore desired to see General Porfirio Diaz, as there must be a mistake somewhere, which I wanted to explain. The general, however, would not see me, and the adjutant insisted on my setting off. I declared, however, that I

would not go by my own will. They might shoot me, or put me in irons, but they should not compel me to leave the country.

My resolution embarrassed them very much, and they were at a loss what to do; but I stayed from six o'clock p.m. to twelve o'clock, at headquarters, waiting to see the general. At last I was lodged in a private house with a Mexican family, who were very kind, but a sentinel was placed before my door.

On the 26th of April, in the morning, my carriage came again, and the officer who was to escort me insisted on my leaving. I did not, however, stir, but sent my compliments to General Porfirio Diaz, requesting him to suffer me to go to Querétaro. To this, however, he sent me a refusal, and I remained resolutely where I was.

In the afternoon came Madame Hube with some more clothes for me, and also General Baz, who had returned from Querétaro, and who was a great friend of the Hubes. He was kind enough to go to the general, to inquire what made him so severe against me.

Now we heard the reason of all this harsh proceeding against me. Porfirio said that I had broken my word; that I had tried to bribe his officers with money and good words, which was a great crime, and that I was too dange-

rous a person to be permitted to remain in Mexico.

General Baz arranged affairs, however, and wrung from Porfirio Diaz permission for me to go to Querétaro to Escobedo, but he would not give me an escort. Escobedo might do with me as he liked, either permit me to enter Querétaro, or send me further on.

General Baz was a very agreeable man, who looked and behaved more like a Frenchman than a Mexican. Though very friendly, his manner was dignified; and he was equally liked by both parties. He was extremely kind to me, and prepared everything to facilitate my journey to Querétaro. He gave me thirty-seven letters of recommendation to owners of haciendas, postmasters, hotel-keepers, and officers. Mr. Smith, a merchant, and director or superintendent of the railroad, gave me four very good mules and his coachman, and I got also a very bright yellow superannuated *fiacre* from Tacubaya.

The road between Mexico and Querétaro was much infested by robbers, and the journey, which required about four days, was rather hazardous. However, my good fortune assisted me. A gentleman belonging to the Liberal party, Mr. Para, who had travelled three days in order to speak with Porfirio Diaz without success, and who was travelling home, volunteered to escort

me, and I accepted his offer, with the more pleasure as he had with him a mounted armed servant and a coachman. Porfirio Diaz had nothing to say against his going with me.

With many tears I took leave of Madame Hube, and commenced my journey on the 27th of April. The whole party consisted of my escort, his armed servant, two unarmed coachmen, my maid, and Jimmy. I had my little seven-shooter revolver and only three ounzes in my pocket.

The letters which General Baz had given me proved to be of great value. I was received everywhere with the utmost kindness and hospitality, and could not have been treated better had I been a queen.

In the morning, before sunrise, I left San Francisco, and when I had gone a little way, and the sun was just rising, I saw some dark form hanging on a tree. On looking out of the carriage I discovered to my horror that it was a Liberal officer, his head and face covered with a black cap, and the blood trickling down the body. With disgust I turned away my head to the other side. I saw hanging on another tree another officer, presenting a still more ghastly spectacle. These two men were a Liberal lieutenant-colonel and a major, who had committed a crime against a young girl, and when her

exasperated father tried to revenge his child they killed him and cut his tongue out. According to the Mexican custom they were shot on the spot where they had committed the crime, and hung to a tree for a time as a warning example. For a long time I could not get rid of the horrible impression which this sight made on me.

When I arrived on the height of the Cuesta China, I could overlook the whole of Querétaro; and from that city they had also noticed my bright yellow carriage and four, and an escort, and took me for Juarez, as I was afterwards told. As I drove down the hill to the Hacienda de Hercules, which belonged to M. Rubio, to whom one of General Baz's letters was addressed, I every moment expected that I should be fired at by the guns from the city, for I was everywhere within range.

The headquarters of General Escobedo were on the other side of the Rio Blanca, on the slope of a hill called La Cantera. As I had a letter for him, and was anxious to see him, I dressed at once to go there on horseback. I procured a horse, but as there was no lady's saddle to be had, I had to ride on a common wooden Mexican saddle, though lady fashion, which was by no means agreeable. The gentleman who accompanied me from Mexico, had gone before me to

headquarters, and announced my arrival. When I stopped and sent in my name to the general, a young fair-haired captain came from among a group of officers standing about, and addressed me as an old acquaintance from the United States, though I did not at all remember his face. This was a Captain Enking, who had served in the German division in the United States' army, and who had once escorted me when I visited General Blenker's camp. This person had, as I was afterwards informed, boasted that he knew me intimately, though I did not even remember his face. He behaved on a later occasion in the most contemptible manner, and seemed to be held in very little esteem by his own comrades, and by the general himself; for, when he offered himself as an interpreter, Escobedo declined his services, and sent for a Mexican officer, who spoke English very well. This captain had been put under arrest by Escobedo, as at the capture of Querétaro he plundered with his men private houses, and appropriated private property to himself.

When on one occasion I requested Escobedo to give me an officer to escort me to my house, he sent for this captain, but I refused him with great indignation, and the captain retired in confusion. Escobedo had sent for this man on purpose to shame him, as he had boasted of an intimate acquaintance with me.

General Escobedo received me at once in a very small and most miserable tent, propped up with sticks, furnished merely with a table made of raw boards, and some wooden chests as a seat. The general wore a uniform similar to that of Porfirio Diaz, only with some more lace and brass buttons. He received me very friendly, and I told him I had heard that my husband was wounded, and requested his permission to go into the city. The general said he did not believe that my husband was wounded, and that he could not give me the required permission. All he could do was to give me a letter to President Juarez in San Luis Potosi, who perhaps might grant what I wished. He said he knew my husband very well, and complimented me very much about him, observing that he was an extremely brave officer, as he had experienced to his great damage. He promised to treat him kindly if he should ever fall into his hands, and that if he were wounded I should be permitted to nurse him. The general left it to me whether I would remain at M. Rubio's until the next diligence, or whether I would go with that which was to start next morning. After reflecting that my staying before Querétaro was of no use, I decided to go next morning to San Luis. My escort from Mexico offered to accompany me again, but I declined it, and requested

General Escobedo to send one of his officers with me, to which he readily consented.

The diligence started some leagues from Querétaro. When I arrived at that place, before three o'clock in the morning, I met there Lieut.-Colonel Aspirez, who told me that he had been ordered by General Escobedo to escort me to San Luis, and [to the President. He had already taken tickets for myself and maid, and we started about three o'clock a.m.

After a journey of three days we arrived at San Luis Potosi, and I delivered my letter of General Baz to the military governor of that place, by whom I was quartered in beautiful rooms in a house that belonged to one of the Imperialist party.

With Lieut.-Colonel Aspirez I then went to see the President. When I came to his palace, I was received by one of his aide-de-camps, who led me by the hand, as if he was leading me to a country dance, to a large reception-room. Here the aide-de-camp made a tremendous bow, and left me with Aspirez.

After a little while President Juarez entered, accompanied by M. Iglesia, one of his ministers, who spoke English perfectly well.

Juarez is a man a little under the middle size, with a very dark complexioned Indian face, which is not disfigured, but, on the contrary, made more

interesting by a very large scar across it. He has very black piercing eyes, and gives one the impression of being a man who reflects much, and deliberates long and carefully before acting. He wore high old English collars and a black neck-tie, and was dressed in black broadcloth.

The President gave me his hand, led me to the sofa, on which Jimmy had already established himself, and said he would listen to what I had to say.

M. Iglesia, who acted as interpreter, looked more like a dark-haired German, with spectacles, than a Mexican. He was in appearance and manners a thorough gentleman, who showed much sympathy in his benevolent face.

I told M. Juarez all that had happened in Mexico, and what I intended to do in order to bring the horrible bloodshed to an end, and requested him to permit me to go to Querétaro.

The President said that he had not received any details from General Porfirio Diaz, but he supposed that I must have done something very dangerous, as I had been ordered so suddenly to leave the country. He could not give me an answer until he was better informed. If I would return with Lieut.-Colonel Aspirez to M. Rubio, and wait there for his answer, I was at liberty to do so, or to remain in San Luis.

I told him that I would reflect on it, and

give him an answer to-morrow. The President gave me his arm, and accompanied me through all the rooms to the head of the staircase, where he dismissed me with a low bow.

As I could not get permission to enter Querétaro, I thought it better to remain near the President, where I should always hear the freshest news, and be on the spot to act accordingly. When, however, Lieut.-Colonel Aspirez had left, and the day approached when the diligence was to start again, I changed my mind, and resolved to return to M. Rubio. Accordingly I went again to the President, and told him so, but he desired me to remain at San Luis as Querétaro must fall in a few days. I remained here therefore as was required, but heard no news until the 15th of May, when the ringing of all the bells and a great firing of guns announced some great event.

The very next morning a gentleman called upon me, who told me that Querétaro had been sold to the Liberals for three thousand ounzes, by a certain Colonel Lopez, and a man from San Luis, Jablowski, that the Emperor was a prisoner, and my husband wounded. Of course this news distressed me very much; and I immediately went to the President to obtain his permission to go to Querétaro. He was, however, at a dinner party, and I was

not able to see him. Under these circumstances I thought it best to travel without his permission. This I did, and arrived without any accident in Querétaro on the 19th of May, four days after the fall of that city.

I alighted at the Hôtel de Diligencias, where my husband was well known. It was between six and seven o'clock in the evening, and too late to see General Escobedo, who had his quarters in the Hacienda de Hercules, which is at some distance from Querétaro.

As I could not get a carriage next morning, I was obliged to go on horseback. A lady's saddle was not to be had, and as some colonel's horse was just saddled at the door and offered to me, I rode on it to the general's headquarters, followed by an Indian servant. The general received me very kindly, shook hands with me, and said that he was glad to see me. I asked him to give me an order to see my husband and the Emperor. He sent at once for Colonel Villanueva, of his staff, and requested him to accompany me to the prison.

Before going to the prison, I went to the hotel to change my riding habit for another dress, and then went with the colonel to the Convent San Teresita. We reached the convent between ten and eleven o'clock a.m., crossed a yard, and went up a very dirty and extremely

bad-smelling staircase. This and the noise everywhere in the house made me quite dizzy.

We now entered a small dirty room, where several officers were lying about on "cocos" on the floor, all looking very neglected. On asking for my husband, a polite little gentleman, Mr. Blasio, informed me that the Prince was in the next room with the Emperor, and would return directly. He had scarcely said so, when my husband came. He was not shaved, wore a collar several days old, and looked altogether as if he had emerged from a dust bin, though not worse than the rest of his comrades. To see him again, under these circumstances, affected me very much, and I wept and almost fainted when he held me in his arms.

My husband now left me to inform the Emperor of my arrival, who told him that he should be pleased to see me. The Emperor was sick in bed, but in such circumstances all those ceremonies which make social life uncomfortable, are at an end. Salm cautioned me not to speak of the death of General Mendez, who had been shot a few hours ago.

I shall never forget this first interview with the Emperor, with whom I had never yet spoken, as it so happened that he was always absent from Mexico when I was there. I found him in a miserable bare room, in bed, looking very

sick and pale. He received me with the utmost kindness, kissed my hand, and pressed it in his, and told me how glad he was that I had come. As he had not heard yet anything reliable of Marquez and Mexico, he was highly interested with everything I told him, and very indignant at the behaviour of Marquez, who assumed rights and an air of command which could not be allowed to any subject. He distributed decorations and titles, as if he had been the Emperor himself.

I mentioned my negociations with Porfirio Diaz and the colonels in Mexico, and my visit in San Luis Potosi, with my interview with Juarez, which all interested the Emperor very much.

Looking around, and considering the bad state of health of the Emperor, I was very anxious that he should soon get out of that disagreeable position, and asked him whether he had yet done anything in this respect. Escobedo had paid him a visit, but nothing had been said about the intentions of the Liberals. I proposed to speak with Escobedo in the name of the Emperor, and to try whether I could not bring him to reasonable terms. I would induce him to come and see his Majesty, or, if the latter was well enough to go out, to receive him at some other place. The first thing, however, was to make the Emperor and my husband a little more com-

fortable, and especially to buy some fresh linen for them, which they greatly wanted, and missed very much.

On going at once to see Escobedo, I found him in a very good humour, as he expected the arrival of his sisters, whom he had not seen for several years. He said that he could not go out that day, but that the Emperor would be welcome if he would come and see him, accompanied by myself and my husband. Whilst Colonel Villanueva went to procure a carriage, I went out to purchase some linen, and when that was done we returned to San Teresita.

The Emperor having got out of his bed, and giving me his arm, my husband also following with Colonel Villanueva, we went down the staircase into the street, where we found the handsome carriage of Rubio, and also an escort. On our way down, the prisoners had come out to see the Emperor, and all greeted him with great love and respect. We now drove to the Hacienda de Hercules, where we entered a large and fine garden, with a fountain, near which were assembled a great many Liberal officers and other gentlemen, who greeted the Emperor, who had me on his arm, with very low bows.

General Escobedo advanced, and offered his hand to the Emperor. We went then to the right, in a wide walk, where seats were

placed for us. We commenced the conversation about indifferent objects; but this was rendered difficult by two bands, which made a horrible musical noise, drowning our voices. The Emperor told General Escobedo that he had instructed my husband to make some propositions in his name, and he and Colonel Villanueva retired to arrange that business, of which the Prince will have related the particulars.

We remained until nearly dark at the headquarters of Escobedo, who offered me some refreshments, which were, however, declined, and we returned to San Teresita as we had come. The Emperor was very much depressed, which was owing to his weak state of health. All night long there was a most disagreeable noise in San Teresita, which prevented him from sleeping, and he was very desirous to have a separate house for himself and his household officers. I was anxious to satisfy this wish of the Emperor, and drove again to Escobedo, who most readily acceded to it, and procured, next morning, a very handsomely-furnished house for that purpose. One half of it was intended for the Emperor; the other half for the use of the imprisoned generals.

These good intentions of Escobedo were, however, not carried out, for General Refugio Gonzales, formerly a robber, who was charged

with the guard over the prisoners, reproached the general that he wanted to treat Maximilian as a prince; that this was against the instructions of the Government, and that he would not be responsible for the security of the prisoners, if they were placed in a private house. Escobedo became, probably, somewhat alarmed, and the more so as he had the most convincing proofs that his Government was resolved to use the utmost severity towards his prisoners. He therefore left it to Refugio Gonzales to provide other quarters for the Emperor and the generals, and they were transferred to the convent of the Capuchins. The Emperor wished me to accompany him on the way thither, and Colonel Villanueva went to M. Rubio to request the loan of his carriage, which he got at last, after waiting two hours for it.

When the Emperor arrived at the Capuchins, and was shown his room, he stopped at the threshold, saying, "Certainly, that cannot be my room. Why, this is a vault for the dead. Indeed this is a bad omen."

Villanueva excused himself as well as he could, and went to speak to Refugio Gonzales; but that man said, "Yes, that is his room, and he must sleep here, at least this night, in order to remind him that his time is at hand."

It was, indeed, the pantheon, or burial-

place of the convent; and it is an everlasting shame to the Mexican government that they could permit this cruelty to their distinguished prisoner. I was indignant, and so was Colonel Villanueva. Escobedo was informed of this proceeding, and the next day another room was provided, from whence the Emperor could walk into a little yard.

Three days later, the law proceedings against the Emperor commenced, and he was placed in solitary confinement. Colonel Villanueva said to me, on the first day, "The thing is drawing now to a close; nothing can save the Emperor but escape."

I returned home very much depressed; and when I saw M. Bahnsen, who had arrived from San Luis, and whose face exhibited a very lugubrious expression, my spirits did not improve. All that night I did not sleep, but revolved in my mind incessantly the question, "What can be done to save the Emperor?" I reflected all the following day; and when Colonel Villanueva and M. Bahnsen called, towards evening, I had found what I wanted, and asked them, "Who will go to San Luis, to ask Juarez for time?"

M. Bahnsen shrugged his shoulders, and said, "Nobody will go. Ask for time! It is quite useless. You do not know Juarez. I know

him well. That idea is not to be thought of."

"Well, colonel," I said, "I cannot ask you, but I, a woman, will go!"

"You!" said M. Bahnsen, with a sarcastic laugh.

But all his doubts and ridicule did not influence me in the least. I then asked the colonel, "Will you accompany me to Aspirez, and ask him for permission to see the Emperor this night?"

The colonel was willing. Aspirez, my travelling companion on my first journey to San Luis, was now fiscal, and the Emperor was under his especial charge.

It was past eleven o'clock p.m. when we arrived at Aspirez's lodging, and he was already in bed; but Colonel Villanueva awoke him. I told the astonished officer that I would go again to San Luis, and that I requested his permission to consult first with the Emperor, in the presence of Colonel Villanueva, which was readily and kindly given.

It was past midnight when we arrived at the Capuchins. My husband was asleep. He immediately dressed, but was quite frightened at my sudden appearance in the middle of the night, imagining that some bad news had brought me there. When, however, he heard

my plan, he declared it to be excellent, and went up with me to the room of the Emperor, who, since his separation from the other prisoners, had seen nobody except his doctor.

The Emperor thanked me very much, and approved also my idea. Villanueva advised him to write a letter to Juarez, and request two weeks' time to prepare his defence, and to consult with lawyers from Mexico. The Emperor consented, and signed a letter which was written by Villanueva, at his request. This letter I was instructed to give into the hands of Juarez himself, and, if I could not do so, not to part with it at all. As I wished to start on my journey immediately, I said good-night to the poor Emperor, who had tears in his eyes. I was very much affected, for it appeared to me as if I had now seen his face for the last time.

As I had promised to give the letter into Juarez's own hands, and was afraid that difficulties might be laid in my way to see him, I thought it expedient to procure from Escobedo a letter of authorization to the president.

It was past one o'clock when I went with Villanueva and my maid to Escobedo's quarters. The general was just returning with Colonel Doria from some place of amusement, and I found him fortunately in very good humour. He gave me not only a letter to Juarez, but also

granted my request for an order to take the mules of the diligence, with which I returned to my hotel to prepare for the journey, for which M. Bahnsen had promised to lend me his light carriage.

Arrived at the hotel I found M. Bahnsen, who retracted his promise. He was afraid his carriage would be broken to pieces; he called my idea a woman's whim, and said that the whole thing was foolish and useless. I was in despair, and tried my best to get the carriage from M. Bahnsen, in which I succeeded after a great deal of trouble, and under the condition that one of his partners, a Mexican, should accompany me.

It was already five o'clock in the morning when we started with two drivers, as usual, and five mules. These animals were used to drag the heavy diligence, and having such a light load behind them they became unmanageable, and after we had proceeded only a few leagues, they succeeded in running against a stone fence, and breaking the pole, thus fulfilling the fears of M. Bahnsen.

My Mexican companion was in despair, and after much ado and useless lamentations, the pole was tied up and we got another at San Michael. Thus we travelled as fast as possible all day, and arrived without any further acci-

dent at a hacienda halfway to San Luis. It was now twelve o'clock p.m. I wanted to go on immediately, but the strawman whom M. Bahnsen had given me as an escort, declared that he was tired, that he required sleep, that the road was infested with robbers; in short, that he would not go any further that night.

I had at last to give way, but only on condition that we should start again at three o'clock. I was up at that time, and coachmen and mules were ready, but my sleepy escort was not to be seen, and all our thundering against his door was in vain. I had already made up my mind to leave him to his slumbers, and to travel alone, when he appeared at six o'clock, nicely dressed with kid gloves, and ordering his cup of chocolate. I was exceedingly angry, and expressed my opinion of him pretty freely.

Between six and seven o'clock p.m. we arrived at San Luis, and put up at M. Bahnsen's house, where his sisters received me with the utmost kindness. I had continually before my mind that melancholy face of the august martyr in Querétaro, which looked up so thankfully to mine from his sick-bed when I parted, and was urged by the fear that every minute's delay might cost him his life; I therefore did not care for my toilet, but hastened at once to the resi-

dence of Juarez. At that moment he had a cabinet meeting, and could not receive me. He requested, however, that I would send in the letter of the Emperor, which I declined to do, as I had promised to give it into no other hands but his own; I sent him, however, the letter of Escobedo, and he appointed nine o'clock a.m. next day as the hour when he would receive me.

The brother of M. Bahnsen accompanied me next morning to the president, whom I found again in company with M. Iglesia. He took my letter, read it, handed it to his minister, and said, "That the time for the proceeding against Maximiliano was fixed at three days by the law, and that he, after having considered the case, regretted he could not grant the requested delay."

I addressed myself to M. Iglesia, and pleaded the Emperor's cause as well as I could. I declared that it was barbarous to shoot a prisoner without having given him even time for his defence, and so treat him as a traitor, who had come in the honest belief that he had been elected and called by the Mexican people. A few days more could not be of any importance to the government, and even prudence dictated to the government not to show such improper haste. They might reflect on the consequences,

and that not only Europe, but all the civilized world would be indignant at the Mexican government if it acted in such a hasty, cruel manner.

"Well, M. Juarez," I said, "pray reserve at least your decision until five o'clock this afternoon. Should you remain of the same determination then, I will return to Querétaro, heaven knows with how sad a heart."

M. Iglesia saw me to the door, and I spoke to him what my heart prompted me to say. He did not answer, but pressed my hand in a manner which seemed to promise his assistance. When I returned at five o'clock he came to meet me with a happy smiling face, and without saying one word he handed me the precious order granting the desired delay. I was so overjoyed that I nearly hugged that worthy gentleman. I wished to see M. Juarez, in order that I might thank him, but he was out.

Though I was told that the order for the respite would be telegraphed to Querétaro, I was anxious to return thither immediately, and declining the escort of the Mexican partner of M. Bahnsen, who must have been a sleeping partner I suppose, I accepted that of another very lively partner, a M. Dans, who proved to be a very useful and agreeable travelling companion. As the coachman did not drive

fast enough for him, he himself took the reins.

The journey was rather troublesome. The night was as dark as could be, and we had to light torches which were extinguished by torrents of rain. At many places the road was so rough and dangerous, that I had to walk for some leagues, which was, indeed, no joke on such a night, and in such weather. I had, moreover, only one pair of thin boots, which were soon cut by the sharp stones. Fortunately I had plenty of things to refresh myself inside, for the good sisters of M. Bahnsen stuffed the whole carriage with an immense quantity of things, not only for me and my companions, but also for the Emperor and my husband.

Between ten and eleven o'clock a.m. I arrived in Querétaro, and drove to my hotel to wash and to put on some other dress, but when I heard that the Emperor did not yet know anything of a respite, I would not delay a moment, but hastened as fast as I could to the Capuchin convent.

My husband has described my arrival there. I was worn out with fatigue; my boots torn to pieces and my feet sore; my hair in disorder and my face and hands unwashed; I must, indeed, have looked like a scarecrow, but I was very happy and a little proud too. The Em-

peror on hearing the news was much affected, and thanked me in the kindest words.

The respite had been obtained, but now came the question how to make use of it. The first time when I saw the Emperor I had urged on him the necessity of sending for Baron Magnus, and some lawyers from Mexico, but he said he would not have them, as it was of no use. He would not telegraph for them even now, but had in his head a plan for escape which had been arranged by my husband, who was very sanguine about it, and the escape was to take place as soon as the bribed officers should mount the guard.

Now, I had not any confidence in the success of this plan from the commencement, though I assisted in it as much as I could. The plan was very excellent, but I put no trust in the men whom my husband employed. Two of them had deserted from the French army. They were inferior officers, who seemed not to have either the power or the pluck to carry out what they promised, but gave me the impression that they wanted only to extort money. I, therefore, had opposed the plan from the begining, and insisted that the Emperor should address himself to a far higher authority.

Not trusting, as I have already said, in the success of the plan for escape, I wrung from the

Emperor the promise to send for Baron Magnus and other ministers, as also for the lawyers, and offered to travel to Mexico to bring them to him.

As I was afraid that General Marquez might arrest me in Mexico, the Emperor wrote to him the following letter:—

To D. Leonardo Marquez, Division-General.

My dear General,—The bearer of these lines is Princess Salm, who has the kindness to go to Mexico for the arrangement of family affairs of much importance; and to speak with the lawyers who will defend me. You will, for the time of her sojourn in Mexico, and for her return to Mexico, do all that can be useful and agreeable to the Princess.

Your afectesimo,

Maximiliano.

He gave me, also, a letter to Baron Magnus, which my husband has published in its place, and two others for the two eminent lawyers, Riva Palacios and Martinez de la Torre, who were to defend him; a few lines, also, for Father Fischer, in which was enclosed the following letter, concerning the private money of the Emperor, which I publish here, because the money mentioned in it, and which I was to

bring to the Emperor with me, had disappeared without anybody knowing what had become of it:—

To the Secretary of the Cabinet, Mr. Augustin Fischer.

QUERETARO, 29 *Mai*, 1867.

By the present you are ordered to try to collect the following amount:

	Dollars.
Civil List due ult. of March . .	10,000
Expenses of my household in that month	1,500
Civil List for April	10,000
Household	1,500
Civil List due for the first fifteen days of May	5,000
Household	750
	28,750

You will arrange with D. Carlos Sanchez Navarro, minister of my household, that at last my claims for the expenses of my household, calculated at 10,000 dols. a month, which, however, in two months and a half were only paid once, may be paid. What you receive you will add to the above-mentioned 28,750 dols., and deliver the whole sum to the Prussian consul in Mexico, M. Stephan von Benecke, to cover conjointly with him, if possible, the bills in favour of the

commander of the corvette "Elisabeth," D. W. Groeler, in Vera Cruz, which M. Benecke will transmit to him securely.

MAXIMILIAN.

As I had good reason to expect difficulties from General Porfirio Diaz also, who dispatched me so unceremoniously out of his camp, I went to General Escobedo, explained to him the reasons why I had to go to Mexico, and he gave me the following lines :—

To General Porfirio Diaz, Tacubaya.

QUERETARO, *May* 21, 1867.

MUCH HONOURED FRIEND AND COMRADE,—Princess Salm-Salm passes through Tacubaya, on behalf of Maximilian, to hasten the arrival of the counsel whom he has chosen to defend him. Having regard to her sex, I have taken the liberty of recommending her to your kindness, not doubting that you will assist her.

Assuring you of my regard, I remain your friend and comrade,

M. ESCOBEDO.

Everything was now ready for me to start, but again I met with an unexpected difficulty, which came from my husband. The time for the execution of his plan for the Emperor's escape was drawing near, and the 2nd of June

was fixed upon for the attempt. If it succeeded, my going to Mexico would not be required, and if they should be prevented, or re-taken, or perhaps wounded, my presence in Querétaro, he said, would be of the greatest value. I had quite a fight with him about it in the presence of the Emperor, which, however, ended with my doing his will.

I had been in such a hurry to leave, that I was afraid my delaying might cause some comment or suspicion, and I had to think of some *ruse* to explain it. I, therefore, went to Escobedo, feigned to be much afraid of Porfirio Diaz, and that he might not respect his letter, and detain me, or send me out of the country. I requested the general to procure me a permission from Juarez to go to Mexico and to return. Escobedo protested that his letter would be perfectly sufficient, but I insisted, and, of course, made him do what I wanted, though he shrugged his shoulders, and shook his head. He telegraphed to Juarez, and, as I had to wait for an answer, my remaining in the city was explained.

The Emperor believed, of course, that I had gone, and was very much astonished when I came to see him. When I told him how I had managed with Escobedo, his face lit up, and he said, laughingly, "Well, my dear princess, when-

ever I become free, I shall certainly make you my secretary of foreign affairs."

The Emperor received, on the 2nd of June, a telegram from Mexico, informing him that Baron Magnus and the two lawyers were on their way to Querétaro. The escape was in consequence postponed, and my journey to Mexico not required.

I returned the above letters which had been given me to the Emperor, but he desired me to retain that addressed to Marquez, as it might still be of some use to me later; the other letters he handed to my husband.

There was, about that time an American lawyer, Judge Hall, in Mexico, who had to arrange some business with the Liberal government for Mr. Halyday, of New York. Mr. Hall was from California. He was an able lawyer, well versed in Mexican law, and understood Spanish perfectly well.

I spoke to the Emperor about Judge Hall, whom he saw, and resolved to employ him for his defence.

M. Bahnsen felt very uneasy in Querétaro, and was afraid that the escape of the Emperor, or any attempt for it, would involve him in difficulties with the Liberal government. He, therefore, left the city after my return for San Luis Potosi.

Amongst the persons employed in the preparations for escape, was a Liberal ex-officer, who, soon after the departure of M. Bahnsen, ran off with two thousand dollars, which had been confided to him. On discovering this, I telegraphed at once to M. Bahnsen to stop the thief; but I got only the following anonymous lines: "Your friends in S. Luis wish you would not compromise them by telegraphic despatches, as you did to-day."

That thief had been in the house of M. Bahnsen; but he succeeded in frightening that gentleman, by threatening that he would disclose all he knew. He said also that he had only eight hundred dollars left of the money, and M. Bahnsen was glad when the fellow left his house with his booty.

It will be seen that I was perfectly right when I said that the men whom my husband had employed for the escape of the Emperor had no other intention than to extort money. The captain, who was perhaps the best of the three officers with whom he had to deal, came to my house, and demanded of me immediately five hundred dollars more. If I should refuse to give in to his demand, the escape could not take place. He even used some threatening words. I had not the money, and would not have given it if I had, without having previously

spoken with the Emperor or my husband. I told the former, and he desired me not to give that man one single penny.

Judge Hall knew of the whole affair of the escape, and had taken charge of the horses bought for it. Whether the captain made good some of his threats I do not know; but the fact was, that Judge Hall and all foreigners were ordered, some days later, to leave Querétaro. I then took the horses into the stable of my house.

Judge Hall left the city, and the diligence was arrested and robbed some distance from Querétaro. The judge had in his service an Italian, who returned to Querétaro, and requested me, on the part of his master, to use my influence with Escobedo to induce him to send men after the robbers who had taken his luggage. The servant asked me also, in the name of the judge, to lend him one of the horses. As the judge, however, knew that the horses were not mine, and might be required every moment, I did not believe that he had really sent that request, and refused; but the Italian went away to the stable, said there that I had lent him a horse, and went off with one. An hour or so afterwards I heard of this; I told Colonel Villanueva of it immediately, who sent a guard after the Italian, who overtook

and captured him, and put him in prison. His name was Frank Leva, as I saw from a precious letter which he wrote me from prison, and which commenced: "Plase do my the faver of let my at liberty as son as posible, or I wil tel every ting goen on, I no hol abaut, and will by beter for you and the Emperor you ousbant, etc." He said that he did not want to steal the horse, that he was no thief, and so on. Colonel Villanueva kept him three days in prison and then let him go.

On the 5th of June, Baron Magnus, M. Scholler, his chancellor, and the two celebrated lawyers from Mexico arrived. One day later followed Baron Lago, M. Schmidt, his secretary, Mr. Hooricks, the Belgian, and Mr. Curtopassi, the Italian *chargé d'affaires*.

The arrival of the foreign representatives produced no good effect on the affairs of the Emperor. The gentlemen—so it appeared at least to me—misunderstood their position in reference to the Republican government. Their manner and tone may have been perfectly correct and proper, and as it became the representatives of great powers; but they seemed to forget a most essential thing: that they were not accredited to the Liberal government, but to an Emperor, who was looked upon as an usurper, and who was now on his trial for

treason. They further forgot, that the Liberal government cared but little for all those powers whom they represented, as they knew extremely well that none of them could do them much harm, because they were protected by the United States, which protection proved powerful enough to drive out of Mexico one of the most powerful princes of Europe.

When Baron Magnus, after his arrival, went to see General Escobedo, and presented himself as the minister of Prussia, the general told him that they had nothing to do with the representative of Prussia, which did not recognize his government; that he would receive him only as M. Magnus, a friend of Maximiliano, and that he would give him any facility which he desired in reference to the defence of the prisoner.

I think Baron Magnus understood this better than some of his colleagues, and acted accordingly. The two lawyers were to go immediately to San Luis Potosi, to see how matters stood there, and what was best to be done in the interest of their client.

As I had seen M. Juarez and M. Iglesia before, and spoken to both about the position of the Emperor, Baron Magnus told me that the two lawyers would call on me, and requested me to give them as much information as I could

in reference to the views and feelings of these two important personages. As they were very busy, I preferred calling upon them, and I told them that M. Iglesia appeared to be rather well disposed, and inclined to listen to conditions. I told them that M. Iglesia had not altogether rejected the idea of an arrangement, and the suggestion that the European powers might perhaps be willing to guarantee the war-debt, if the life of the Emperor were spared, or agree to grant other advantages, if time only were given him to enter upon negociations.

Neither Baron Magnus nor the other representatives seemed to realize the idea that the Emperor would be shot, even if condemned. Wrapped up in the importance of their own position, they forgot, as I said before, that the Republican Mexicans did not know much of those great States of Prussia, Austria, Italy, and Belgium, which were several thousands of miles distant. They may therefore be excused, when they were rather astonished, and perhaps amused, at all the bluster and fuss of these representatives, than overawed.

I am an American, and was then also a stranger to these European notions, and understood perfectly well the feeling of the Mexicans, as they were nearly my own also.

Whilst the ministers were full of the idea that the Mexican government would not dare to commit an act which would be condemned, and perhaps revenged by all European powers, I was perfectly convinced that Juarez and his Cabinet would not take the slightest notice of it, and that the death of the Emperor being decided upon, nothing could save him but escape. This was not my own idea only. I had heard the opinions of Mexican Republicans, who were not cruel themselves, and who felt great sympathy for the Emperor; but all were sure that he would be shot.

When I was with Baron Magnus in the Emperor's apartments, the plan for escape being mentioned, the baron declared it to be nonsense, and that it was not requisite yet at all to think of such an hazardous enterprise. He seemed to have great confidence in negociations, and to believe that there would be still time enough for escape, which he seemed to be inclined to think against the dignity of the Emperor. Money for that purpose, however, seemed to be of very inferior importance to the baron, and he spoke as if there would be enough, in case of need, to buy the whole garrison.

Escobedo seemed also to take alarm at the idea of the money the Emperor had, for the

report had spread that the representatives had brought with them immense sums. Now, as the general knew perfectly the Mexican weakness, he thought it well to take precautions. He separated all the other prisoners from the Emperor, Miramon, and Mejia, and trebled the guards. He also gave an order that all the prisoners should be shot immediately, if they only made an attempt to escape. Before the arrival of the ministers, it was easy to obtain permission to see the Emperor, but now I had, like all the ministers, to send always for an especial permission.

The Austrian and Belgian governments must know, better than I do, whether their representatives acted according to their instructions; but to us, and even to the Mexicans, their behaviour appeared very extraordinary, and by no means to be admired. When the French troops left, they had already done great harm to the cause of the Emperor by their circulars, which filled the foreign troops, who wanted to remain with the Emperor, with suspicion; and now they behaved and talked as if they were quite on the side of his enemies. I have been told that the Austrian *chargé d'affaires* and his secretary did so, the better to serve the Emperor, but I must say it was a very strange and, to me, an incomprehensible policy.

Mr. Hooricks went so far in furtherance of this policy, that he openly and in the presence of the staff of Escobedo and the general himself, spoke of the Emperor with the most unbecoming expressions. He called him something like a stupid fellow, and said that the Liberal government was perfectly within its rights in shooting him. Escobedo and his staff officers are still there, to confirm the truth of what I have here stated.

M. Curtopassi, the Italian *chargé d'affaires*, behaved far better than either the Austrian or the Belgian ministers. He, at least, tried to serve the Emperor, and if he did not succeed, it was only because he had to work with promises instead of ready cash.

He addressed himself to the Mexican physician, who had to visit the Emperor, M. Riva de Nigra, and promised him ten thousand dollars, if he would so arrange that the Emperor should be placed in a private house, for which we had worked long before, as I have already stated. We wanted it, because it was far easier to arrange an escape from such a private house, than where he was.

The doctor, who would probably not have resisted a few hundred ounzes in cash, did not trust promises, and thought it more profitable to inform Escobedo of the proposition made to

him. As the desire in itself seemed so innocent, and had been expressed before, Escobedo took no further notice of it, but the offer of so much money made him suspicious.

I have already said that I did not understand then much about the importance of *chargé d'affaires*, neither did the Mexicans; but I know for certain that their pretensions and their rather haughty tone and manner made them angry. I was on a friendly footing with all the staff of Escobedo, and I heard from them many things they would not have told others. My attachment to the Emperor, and my zeal in his cause, rather pleased them, and I am sure that most of them secretly wished me success, at least, if they did not do so openly. From them I heard that the scene was now drawing to a close; that the ministers were utterly impotent, and that their interference would not do the least good. The only thing which could save the Emperor was escape. That was whispered in my ear by more than one.

I spoke to the Emperor most earnestly; but it seemed to me that he also had been influenced by the great confidence of the ministers, who treated my fears as those of a nervous woman, and that he looked now upon his position in a less gloomy light than before their arrival. However, as he could not doubt my sincerity

and good-will, and believed somewhat in my sound judgment and observation, he listened at least to my suggestions.

Long before this, I had impressed on him the necessity to negociate about an escape, not with inferior officers, but with those highest in command. One of them I had won already; he had the command over all the guards in the city; but Colonel Palacios had also to be won, who had the command over the prison itself. For this purpose I wanted one hundred thousand dollars in gold from the Emperor, which were to be placed in the bank of M. Rubio, to be drawn according to circumstances, for ready cash. This, I said, was the most essential thing in dealing with all Americans.

The Emperor said that money was the least trouble in the affair, for Baron Magnus and the other ministers had assured him that it would be at his disposal to any amount. Strange! at the tail of each word of these gentlemen hung a gold ounze, but not a miserable dollar at the tips of their fingers! It is indeed excusable if I get impatient and indignant, for this paltry stinginess killed the Emperor.

Baron Magnus had unfortunately gone to San Luis Potosi. The two lawyers there had telegraphed for him, and it was believed that he might come to some arrangement with the

government. The Emperor was much against his going, as he told me himself in the presence of Dr. Basch, for he had more confidence in Magnus than in any of the other ministers, and wanted some reliable man near him.

I told the Emperor that without money I could do nothing, and he sent for Baron Lago, the Austrian *chargé d'affaires*, who had not seen him for two days. I believe the good baron belonged to that great, and not Indian tribe only—the "harefoots." He had been of the opinion that the Emperor would not be shot, and treated my apprehensions also as the fancies of a frightened woman; but of late he had become rather nervous, and was afraid these Republican rascals would not only shoot the Emperor, but perhaps even his own sacred representative!

The Emperor was indeed very much forsaken, and felt so; and when I told him that the colonels were all to be sent away, and my husband with them, and that I should have to follow him, he was very much excited, and said, "You are the only person who has really done anything for me. If you go, I am utterly forsaken." In consequence of this, it was arranged between my husband and myself that he should now show his commission as a general.

The day appointed for the trial of the Em-

peror, and Miramon, and Mejia now arrived. It was to be held in the theatre, which was decorated for this purpose as for a festival. It was an odious idea, as it appeared to me, that the Emperor, weak and sick as he was, should be placed there as an exhibition! When I saw him, therefore, the night previous to the trial, I endeavoured to persuade him not to go, but rather to take something in the morning, which might make him appear even more sick for a time than he really was. He did not himself like the idea of appearing in the theatre, but was afraid he might be compelled to go. I satisfied him, however, in that respect, as I had spoken before to Colonel Villanueva, who advised that mode of avoiding it.

When I arrived at the Capuchins next morning at nine o'clock, the prisoners were just coming out, and my heart beat, for I was afraid of seeing the Emperor also; but he did not come. General Miramon looked as bright as if he were going to a ball, but poor old Mejia looked very much depressed.

My husband had written a letter to the Emperor, which I transmitted to him, in which he implored him to lose no time by resigning himself to delusive hopes, but to prepare immediately for escape, for which the plan was also contained in the letter.

I now told the Emperor that I had arranged everything with Colonel Villanueva, who would lead him outside the prison, where a guard of one hundred men would be kept ready to escort him to the Sierra Gorda, and from thence to the coast. The Emperor insisted on my following him close on horseback with Dr. Basch. He was afraid of being betrayed and assassinated, and thought that the presence of a lady might be a kind of protection against such an atrocious act.

Villanueva had, however, declared to me that nothing could be done without Palacios, who had always three guards in the prison, who walked all night before the room of the Emperor. I told him so, and that I had myself engaged to win him over, but that I required money for that purpose.

The Emperor now saw at last his position in its true light, and regretted that he had squandered so much precious time. Unfortunately he had no money, but he said he would look to that, and have at least five thousand dollars in gold, which I required to give either to Palacios to distribute amongst the soldiers, or to give it myself into their hands.

When I returned again to see the Emperor he was in despair, for he could not procure the money which was required to bribe the two

colonels; but he would give me two bills, each for one hundred thousand dollars, signed by himself, and drawn upon the Imperial family in Vienna. The five thousand dollars, however, he could not send me until nine o'clock p.m.

I had not made yet any attempt to bribe Palacios, and it was agreed between myself and Villanueva that I should leave the prison at eight o'clock p.m., and request Palacios to see me home, where I would detain him until ten o'clock. I did not live then in the hotel, but in a private house belonging to Madame Pepita Vicentis, the widow of a gentleman of our party who died during the siege. The old lady was extremely kind to our prisoners, and undertook to provide for fifteen of them all the time. General Echegaray lived in the same house.

In the afternoon I had a very long conversation with the Emperor. He spoke to me about his family and his relations with it, how unfortunately he was situated, and what he intended to do when he came to Europe. He spoke also of his mother with great love, and requested me to tell her so. I felt extremely sad, and I only suppressed my tears with difficulty, for I had a strong presentiment that I now saw him for the last time. When it was nearly eight o'clock, the Emperor gave me his signet-ring. If I should succeed with Palacios,

I was to return it as a token. Then I left with a very heavy heart and filled with anxiety, for I had before me a task of the highest importance, which I had to accomplish with very insufficient means—two bits of paper, of which the meaning was scarcely known to the person with whom I had to deal.

Colonel Palacios was an Indian without any education, who could scarcely read or write. He was a brave soldier, had distinguished himself and won the confidence of his superiors, who employed him as a kind of provost-marshal, who had to superintend military executions. He had a young wife who had just given him the first child, in whom the father was entirely wrapped up; and as he was poor, I hoped that the care for the future of that child might induce him to entertain my proposition.

The colonel saw me home. I invited him to the parlour. He followed, and I began to speak of the Emperor, in order to ascertain how he felt in reference to him, and whether I had any chance of success. He said that he had been a great enemy of the Emperor; but after having been so long about him, and having witnessed how good and nobly he behaved in his misfortune, and looked in his true, melancholy blue eyes, he felt the greatest sympathy, if not love and admiration, for him.

After this introductory conversation, which lasted about twenty minutes, with a trembling heart I came to the point. It was a most thrilling moment, on which, indeed, hung the life or death of a noble and good man, who was my friend and Emperor. I said that I had to communicate to him something which was of the utmost importance for both of us; but, before doing so, I must ask him whether he would give me his word of honour as an officer and a gentleman, and swear by the head of his wife and child, not to divulge to any one what I was about to confide to him, even if he rejected my proposition. He gave me his word of honour, and most solemnly swore, as I desired, by the life of his wife and his child, whom he loved beyond anything in this world.

After that I told him I knew for certain that the Emperor would be condemned to be shot, and that he would be shot if he did not escape. I had arranged all for it through others, and that it would take place this very night if he would only consent to turn his back and close his eyes for ten minutes. Without this nothing could be done; we were entirely in his hands, and upon him now depended the life of the Emperor. Urged by the necessity of the situation, I must speak plainly to him. I knew he was a poor man. He had a wife and a child,

and their future was uncertain. Now an opportunity was offered to secure them a good competency. I offered him here a check of the Emperor's for one hundred thousand dollars in gold, which would be paid by the Imperial family of Austria, and five thousand dollars I would receive directly for the soldiers. What I proposed to him was nothing against his honour, as in accepting it he best served his country. The death of the Emperor would bring all the world in arms against it; but if the Emperor escaped, he would leave the country, and no European power would ever meddle with the arrangement of their affairs. I spoke a good deal more, to which he listened attentively, and I saw by the changes in his countenance that he battled hard within himself.

At last he spoke. He laid his hand on his heart, and protested that he felt indeed the greatest sympathy with Maximiliano; that he really believed it to be the best for Mexico to let him escape; but he could not decide about such an important step in five minutes. If he did, he could not accept the check. He took it, however, into his hand, and looked at it with curiosity. The Indian probably could not conceive the idea that in such a little rag of paper, with some scrawls on it, should be contained a life of plenty for his wife and child.

A bag full of gold would have been more persuasive. He handed me back the check, observing, No, he could not accept it now. He would reflect upon it in the night, and tell me his decision to-morrow morning. I showed him the signet-ring of the Emperor, told him what it meant, and requested him to accept it, and to return it to the Emperor to-night. He took it, and put it on his finger; but after a while he took it off again, remarking that he could not accept it. He must think it all over. He became confused, and went on speaking of his honour, of his wife, and his child.

"Well, colonel," said I, "you are not well-disposed. Reflect about it, and remember your word of honour and your oath. You know that without you nothing can be done, and to betray me would serve no purpose whatever."

Colonel Villanueva came to see how matters went on, but without betraying that he was in the secret. Directly after him came Dr. Basch, sent by the Emperor, but without any money; and Palacios left me about ten o'clock, not knowing whether I might hope or not, but rather inclined to hope. I told Dr. Basch I believed all would be right, but that I should not know it for certain before to-morrow morning. Palacios seems to have reflected on my propositions until twelve o'clock; then he made up his mind, and

went accordingly to Escobedo, and divulged to him the whole affair.

Before I was up next morning, a guard was placed at my house. Everybody who went in was permitted to pass, but on coming out he was arrested. This fate was unsuspected by Dr. Basch, who came in the morning on the part of the Emperor, who seemed to be afraid that I would be swindled out of my checks, which might be presented after he had been shot. He therefore sent me the following papers, written by his own hand, which I will give here as an autograph :—

Queretaro, 13 *de Junio, de* 1867.

Las dos libranzas *à cien mil pesos* que firmé hoy para los Coroneles Palacios y Villanueva y que debere ser pagados por la Casa y familia Imperial de Austria en Viena, no son validas que al dia de mi completa salvacion debida à los submencionados Coroneles.

Maximiliano.

Queretaro, *June* 13*th*, 1867.

The two bills of *one hundred thousand pesos* each, which I signed to-day for the Colonels Palacios and Villanueva, to be paid by the house and Imperial family of Austria in Vienna, are only valid on that day when I shall regain my

perfect liberty by means of the above-mentioned colonels.

MAXIMILIAN.

When Dr. Basch left my house he was arrested by General Refugio Gonzales. Two servants of the Emperor came with the message that he wished to see me immediately. I knew then already that Colonel Palacios had broken his word of honour, and that Dr. Basch had been arrested, for an officer of Escobedo's staff sent me this news in a little note, which I destroyed. I prepared to leave my house, as if I knew nothing. When I stepped out of the house General Refugio Gonzales addressed me, grinning over his whole face, and told me that General Escobedo wished to see me immediately. I replied that I was just on my way to pay him a visit.

When I arrived at headquarters, I was led into a large reception room, which was filled with a great many officers. Some of them seemed to be amused, as if expecting an interesting scene; others looked with compassion on me. One of them approached me, and whispered, "All is lost!"

After awhile Escobedo came. He looked as black as a thunder-storm. In a polite, but sarcastic tone he observed, "That the air here in Querétaro did not seem to agree with me;

that it was indeed very bad." I assured him that I never felt better in all my life, but he insisted that I did not look well at all! He had a carriage ready, and an escort to take me to San Luis Potosi, where I should feel much better. I told him that I had no desire whatever to go there, but thanked him much for his kindness. He could not bear this any longer, and his anger overmastered him. He said he found it so extremely wrong in me, so against all feeling of gratitude and honour, that I, after he had shown me so much kindness, and treated me so well, tried to bribe his officers and to bring him into an embarrassing position.

"I have done nothing, general, of which I need be ashamed, and what you yourself would not have done in my position."

"We will not argue that point, madam; but I wish you to leave Querétaro."

"General," I answered; "you know that I am powerless now, and that the Emperor is lost. But my husband is here also, waiting for his trial, and I request you to let me remain here. Confine me in prison, or in my room, and place a guard over me, if you will, I will remain quiet."

The general would not listen to this; he was too angry, and said that after what I had done, I might even assassinate his officers.

I was indignant at this, and told him that he had no right to think thus of me, even if I wished to save my husband and my Emperor.

He answered I might go to the President under a guard and plead there for their lives, but not here. I was not the only person who had to leave; the foreign ministers had received the same order.

"But, general," I replied; "I assure you the ministers had nothing whatever to do with my plans, and would not have dared support it."

"I know that," he said, contemptuously; "and just because they are such cowards they may go."

"But, general, the Emperor will then be utterly alone, and without any one to assist him in his last arrangements."

"What good," he burst out, "can such old women be to a man! Pretty people are these ministers! Two of them have already run away without even waiting for their baggage."

These two frightened representatives were, of course, Baron L— and Mr. H—. All the officers of Escobedo laughed at them, and the general himself told me, later in Mexico, that if one of these men had requested him to see the Emperor and take leave of him, he would not and could not have refused. But they did not

even make the attempt, and Baron L— ran off with the codicil to the Emperor's last will, unsigned!

I of course have not the slightest scruple in stating that I consider the behaviour of these gentlemen as bad as could be; but if they, or any one should doubt that General Escobedo expressed himself so undiplomatically about these diplomatists, I appeal to the general himself, who is not the man to deny what he said, and to his whole staff who heard it, and especially to Colonel Doria.

I saw nothing was to be done at present, and I had to leave Escobedo's headquarters. These had been removed long ago from the hacienda de Hercules to the city, and were only a few houses from mine in the same street. As I saw the carriage with four mules before my door, I went there, of course expecting that time would be granted to me to prepare and to go upstairs. I was about entering the door of my house, which was ajar, when a little captain, who escorted me, shut the door and made a movement to seize my arm. This exasperated me. I felt that I became as pale as death, and as quick as lightning I drew from under my dress my little revolver, and pointing it at the breast of the horrified captain, I cried, "Captain, touch me with one finger and you are a dead man."

The captain protested that he did not intend any force, but that General Escobedo held him responsible, and that he was compelled not to permit me to go out of his sight. I told the poor little fellow that he might accompany me. I should take my time to prepare and pack up, and I was in a rather dangerous humour. I told him then to go where he liked. I would go up—and up I went, revolver in hand, the captain following.

I wanted to gain time, in hopes "that something might turn up," and declared now that neither I nor my servant understood packing. I must have some one who could do it, and he might try to get one. At his wits ends, the captain now went back to General Escobedo, from where he returned, after about half an hour, with an escort of six men. The general had received him very badly, and said he would put him under arrest if he could not compel me to go. He had orders to bring me to Santa Rosas at the foot of the Sierra Gorda, and to place me there in the diligence for San Luis Potosi.

I saw now that nothing more could be done, and commenced packing, when a servant of the Emperor came with a message that he wanted to see me immediately. I requested the captain to let me write a few lines to the Emperor, but

this was refused, and the servant sent out of the room.

I caused the captain to send to Escobedo for permission to take leave of my husband, which was refused also. Then I wanted to write to him, and was, at last, permitted to send off a few lines, which the captain dictated to me, and which were delivered to my husband. Salm did not understand anything of the whole business, and sent me rather a peremptory note, commanding me to come and see him.

When I was ready with my packing, I stepped into the carriage, followed by my girl, Jimmy, and a small trunk. Some time before, Colonel Villanueva had arrived, I had given him the two cheques, which he promised to return to the Emperor, whom he would see immediately, and also my husband.

I suppose the colonel transmitted some order to the captain, and when I had taken my place, and the coachman was just going to start, he told the man to drive to headquarters. As soon as I heard that, I jumped right over my maid, and trunk, and Jimmy, out of the carriage, and declared that I would not go there; that I did not want to see Escobedo again, and be exposed to his sneering remarks, and those of his officers. If the general wished to see me, he might come here. The captain

sang again his song of instructions, and I declared I would not go to Escobedo. At last, Colonel Villanueva interfered, and the captain promised to wait until he returned with other instructions from the general, which he soon did. Then I mounted again and left Querétaro.

In Santa Rosas, I was quartered in a comfortable room, in a hacienda, belonging to one of the Liberals, by whose family I was treated with kindness. Next morning, when the diligence passed, I already found places taken for myself and maid, and an officer, in citizen's dress, escorted me. That gentleman satisfied himself with keeping me in view; he never spoke to me, and none of the other passengers knew that he was my guard.

At that time, I was, of course, very furious against General Escobedo; but if I consider what I attempted to do, and that I was by no means yielding, I must acknowledge that I was treated throughout with great forbearance and courtesy, not only by General Escobedo, but also by M. Juarez, his ministers, and by all Mexicans with whom I came in contact. Even in the United States, where ladies enjoy considerable prerogative, I should have experienced far different treatment, as many Confederate ladies will testify.

When I arrived at San Luis Potosi, my guard left me. Alighting at an hotel, I now sent for M. Bahnsen, who came, and kindly invited me to his house. I wished to see the president the same evening, but was told to come the next morning. He was, however, too busy to receive me, and sent M. Iglesia, to whom I related everything which caused me to be exiled to San Luis. M. Iglesia said, he knew very well that they had many rascals in Querétaro, who might be bought by money. He agreed that, if I had had gold ready, my plan would have succeeded.

When, in the course of the conversation, I asked him to tell me frankly whether, in his inmost heart, he would not have been glad if the Emperor had escaped? He smilingly answered, "Yes, I would."

I spoke to him of my anxiety with regard to my husband, and asked whether it were not possible that I might return to Querétaro to be near him. He advised me to wait a while, until after the execution of the Emperor. As I insisted on seeing M. Juarez, the minister told me to come at five o'clock in the afternoon.

Although I had planned the escape of the Emperor, M. Juarez received me in his usual manner. I commenced by speaking about the

plan for the Emperor's escape; but he told me that he knew all, and evaded answering those same questions I had put to M. Iglesia; but his whole manner impressed me with the idea, that the escape of the Emperor would not have been very disagreeable to him either.

M. Juarez told me that I should have to remain at San Luis, and be under surveillance. When I spoke about the Emperor and my husband, the president said he was afraid that nothing could be done for the Emperor, and that he must die; but as to my husband, I might be perfectly satisfied. For the moment nothing could be done, but even if he should be condemned to death, he would not be executed, on which he gave me his hand and his word of honour.

The Emperor had been sentenced to death at the time I was on the road, and was to be shot three days later. Baron Magnus was still in San Luis when I reached that place. He again saw the president, but was assured that nothing could save the Emperor. The Baron pleaded for another delay of three days, and the president consented only because Baron Magnus wished it, and because he did not desire to show extraordinary haste or unnecessary severity; but it was useless. The Prussian minister was perfectly convinced of it, and

when he left San Luis for Querétaro he took a physician with him to embalm the Emperor.

I was like one distracted during all that time, and day and night I revolved in my head how the Emperor might still be saved. I frequently saw M. Iglesia, but each time I left him I became more and more convinced that the Emperor was lost beyond hope. Again I tried to obtain another delay of eight days, until I should receive an answer from President Johnson, whom I knew well, and whom I would request by telegraph to send another more energetic protest against the execution of the Emperor. But M. Iglesia told me, and so did the President Juarez later, that a further delay could not be granted, and that they regretted much to have yielded to the request of Baron Magnus, as the president had been accused of intentionally prolonging the agony of the Emperor, a reproach made to him especially by the foreigners, who called him a cruel, revengeful, and barbarous Indian.

The last day before the execution now came, the Emperor was to be shot on the following morning. Though I had but little hope, I was resolved to make another effort, and to appeal once more to the heart of that man on whose will depended the life of the Emperor, whose pale face and melancholy blue eyes, which im-

pressed even a man like Palacios, were constantly looking at me. It was eight o'clock in the evening when I went to see M. Juarez, who received me at once. He looked pale and suffering himself. With trembling lips I pleaded for the life of the Emperor, or at least for delay. The president said he could not grant it; he would not prolong his agony any longer; the Emperor must die to-morrow.

When I heard these cruel words I became frantic with grief. Trembling in every limb and sobbing, I fell down on my knees, and pleaded with words which came from my heart, but which I cannot remember. The president tried to raise me, but I held his knees convulsively, and would not leave him before he had granted his life. I saw the president was moved; he as well as M. Iglesia had tears in their eyes, but he answered with a low, sad voice, "I am grieved, madam, to see you thus on your knees before me; but if all the kings and queens of Europe were in your place I could not spare that life. It is not I who takes it, it is the people and the law; and if I should not do its will, the people would take it and mine also." In my raving agony, I exclaimed, "he might take my life, if blood was wanted. I was a useless woman, but he might spare that of a man who might still do so much good in

another country." All was in vain. The president raised me up, and repeated to me that the life of my husband should be spared, that was all he could do. I thanked him and left.

In the ante-room were more than two hundred ladies of San Luis assembled, who came also to pray for the life of the three condemned. They were received, but had no more success than myself. Later Madame Miramon came, leading in her hands her two little children. The president could not refuse to receive her. M. Iglesia afterwards told me that it was a most heartrending scene to hear the poor wife and the little innocent ones, praying for the life of their husband and father. The president, he said, equally suffered at that moment for being under the cruel necessity of taking the life of a noble man like Maximilian, and that of two of his brothers, but he could not do otherwise. Madame Miramon fainted and was carried out of the room. The trying scenes through which the president had gone that day were too much for him. He retired for three days to his room, and would not see any one. I could not close my eyes that night, and was with many other ladies of our party in church to pray for the condemned. In the course of the morning the telegraph conveyed the sad news that the

execution had taken place, and that all was over.

In the evening I went to see Madame Miramon. She was so much changed that I scarcely recognized her. She told me that she would stay a few days quietly at San Luis, until she had recovered strength enough to travel to Querétaro and receive the body of her husband. I much desired to return to Querétaro also, and gave a great deal of trouble to M. Lerdo and M. Iglesia, for scarcely one day passed that I did not visit them.

M. Lerdo was the right hand of M. Juarez, and enjoyed not only his perfect confidence, but had also the reputation of being a great politician. He does not look at all like a Mexican, for he is fair and has blue eyes. He is a very refined gentleman and most exquisitely polite. I had written to my husband to ask the permission of Escobedo for my return, and as he granted it, the president yielded to my repeated request, but I had to give him my word of honour that I would not engage in any enterprise to assist in the escape of my husband or any other prisoners.

On the 1st of July I arrived in Querétaro, and went again to the house of Madame Vicentis, though she was absent. My husband looked thin and pale, and was, as is almost

always the case with prisoners, very impatient and excitable. He had still fresh in his memory the death of the Emperor, and would not believe either in the promises or the word of honour of the "bloodthirsty Indian." He thought of nothing but escape, and in that I could and would not assist him, even when his trial was near at hand, and everybody was certain that he would be condemned. I believed in the assurances of Juarez, Lerdo, and Iglesia, who had told me that he and the other generals would be condemned to death only to satisfy the people, but that only some of them, if any, would be shot, and my husband certainly would be saved. As in his excusable angry feelings he was not very amiable with the officers who guarded him, he could not expect much kindness from them. Difficulties of all kinds were placed in the way of my seeing him, and the Liberal officers found a pleasure in spreading alarming reports only to torment the prisoners.

Prejudiced as my husband was, he believed those rumours more than my assurances, and made me feel uncertain and anxious. When his trial came on it was thought best that I should go to Mexico, and I accordingly set off about the 12th of July. There was also the rumour that all the prisoners would be shot, and I, like many other relatives of them, felt great anxiety

in consequence. About twenty wives and sisters of prisoners went to see the president, who sent us M. Iglesia, and by whom we were told that a delay of two weeks had been granted. The minister repeated to me the assurances made before, and advised me to remain quietly in Mexico until it had been decided where the prisoners were to be confined; then he would assist me in managing that my husband should come to Mexico. The decision did not come for a long time, as all the papers of the different prisoners had to be examined again; and as M. Hube advised me also to wait, I remained meanwhile with his family in Tacubaya. At last, in September, it was ordered that the prisoners should remain in Querétaro, and I started the same night for that city, where I arrived on the 8th of September.

There I remained until October, and as my husband has told all the incidents of his prison-life, I have nothing to add. Time went on as usual, and at last we received the news from Mexico that the prisoners should be marched off to their different places of destination. My husband wished to be under the jurisdiction of General Porfirio Diaz, in whom he had more confidence than in Escobedo, and by the kindness of the Liberal, Colonel Von Gagern, it was arranged that he should go to Oaxaca. The

road to that place leads through Mexico, and I went there, overtaking him on his way, in the diligence, and arrived some time before him in Mexico.

I was trotting all day from Lerdo to Iglesia, to bring about the release of my husband; and for the same purpose many other persons most kindly interested themselves, though without immediate success.

As it was not to be managed that my husband should remain in Mexico, he requested me now to try to get permission for him to go, not to Oaxaca, but to Vera Cruz, from whence he expected to escape easier than from any other place.

It was extremely difficult to reach that, but at last it was done. My husband left Mexico on the 26th of October, and I remained for the time in that city, to work for his release. In that task I was very kindly assisted by all the Americans from the North and the South living in Mexico, and I have especially to thank Mr. A. G. Perry, the correspondent of the "Herald," Dr. Skelton, and, above all, the new *charge d'affaires* of the United States in Mexico, Mr. Plumb, who was instructed by Mr. Seward, who knew my husband very well, to intercede for him with the Mexican government. President Johnson caused Mr. Seward to write a

private letter to M. Juarez in reference to my husband, and told me, later, that it was done in consequence of my several letters to him.

Meanwhile Admiral Tegethoff had arrived, and he also interested himself for the fate of the prince, and one day in November, before my husband had reached Vera Cruz, the admiral sent me a card of congratulation, as minister Lerdo, with whom he dined, had informed him that the president had just signed the release of my husband, which I telegraphed to him. I immediately prepared to go to Vera Cruz, but I was cruelly disappointed; my husband had left the day before my arrival. However, I soon followed him, and he met me in Paris, to bring me to Castle Anholt, where I was received with the utmost kindness by his brother and his family, who did all they could to make us forget the trying times through which we had passed.

PRISON-LIFE

OF

PRINCE SALM-SALM.

PRISON-LIFE OF PRINCE SALM-SALM.

The time which followed the execution of the Emperor was, for me and for all his faithful followers, a very sad one. It was to me as if the sun had been extinguished, as if I had lost the centre of my life, and it was only after a considerable time that I could realize my own position, and think of my own future.

Before returning to San Luis Potosi, Baron Magnus was kind enough to visit me. He it was who conveyed to me the last kind words of the Emperor, and promised to do all in his power to save my own life. I felt very sorry to part from this kind man, who employed, without any petty scruples, to its utmost limit the power conferred on him, by his position, for the purpose of saving the Emperor, and to whom I personally owed so much.

On the 20th of June I had a visit from Colonel Villanueva, who gave me the details of the execution, which I wrote down after he had left me.

On the 21st of June we heard ringing of all

the bells, and Diana, announcing the fall of Mexico. The traitor, Marquez, escaped. Porfirio Diaz behaved very handsomely to the Austrian officers whom he captured in that city. They received on the 19th of June only reliable news about the fall of Querétaro, and the fate of the Emperor, as Marquez purposely spread false news. The manner in which Porfirio Diaz treated the Austrian officers formed a very strong contrast to the treatment of us by Escobedo. They remained only two days prisoners, and at a later period were permitted to return to Europe.

On the 22nd I was not well, and received permission to communicate with the other prisoners, and to walk in the gallery.

On the 23rd Colonel Villanueva transmitted the following letter from my wife:—

San Luis, *June 17th*, 1867.

My dear Husband,—When you receive this all will be over with the poor Emperor. God only knows the misery and agony I feel in being so far from you in this trying moment. I have seen the president to-day, and *begged* him to allow me to return immediately, but all in vain. He wishes first to know from General Escobedo why I have been sent here. I expect to be able to leave in one or two days.

Felix, I need not tell you that I would give my life to save yours and the Emperor's. You know my life is of no value or pleasure to me. I will, under all circumstances, be near you in the moment of danger; but I do *not* fear for you, as the president, as well as one of his ministers, assured me to-day there was no reason why you should be shot. I wish you would ask for an interview with the general, and pray him to allow me to return. I *think*, were you to do so, he would grant your request. I am so ill I can scarcely see to write; as you know, whenever I cry I am ill after it, and to-day my weary heart found relief in tears, praying for the life of the Emperor; but man proposes, and God disposes.

I suppose Colonel V—— has told you everything why I was obliged to leave. Now I pray God to protect you, and unite us very soon. Yours ever, AGNES.

P.S.—Little Jimmy is well and happy. Oh, how I wish I could say the same! A. S.

In these hopes held out to my wife with regard to my own safety, I had but little confidence, for I knew that the president and Lerdo had comforted Madame Miramon just in the same manner.

About noon I was taken by the guard and

conducted to an out of the way cell. Behind a table sat on a richly carved and gilt church chair, General Mirafuentes, who rose when I entered. He is a young man of about thirty, with dark hair and nicely turned mustaches, an embryo lawyer, who never rendered any active military service, but was always on the staff of Escobedo. At the table sat a secretary. The general told me that he was my "fiscal," and that the law proceedings were to commence against us.

After having given him an account of my birth, age, and other matters, about which lawyers are curious, I told him that I had been a general in the United States' service, and that I, as I had received my honourable discharge, had retained that character. Though the general said that this was of no consequence, I insisted that my statement should be written down. On being asked whether I had been acquainted with the law of January 25, 1862, I answered, as was the truth, that I had only heard of it after the fall of Querétaro.

When asked whether I had not known that there existed a lawful government in Mexico, I answered that I had been well acquainted with the existence of two pretenders, Juarez and Ortega, but that I had only recognized that of the Emperor as lawful, and did so still.

To the question whether I had commanded at the attack on March 14th, on which occasion so much blood had been shed, I answered in the affirmative; but added, that I could not possibly be made responsible for the fury of the Cazadores, who revenged their comrades murdered at St. Jacinto, and that I had done all in my power to stop the massacre.

To the question whether I had defended the Casa Blanca on March 24th, I had of course also to answer "Yes," and likewise that fatal question, whether I had been captured with arms in my hands.

Lieut.-Colonel Pitner and myself were the only officers who wore the Imperial uniform after our capture. When I arose General Mirafuentes asked me as to the meaning of the medal on my breast, and also of the white band round my arm, which had been worn by our troops to recognize them on dark nights. About the mourning crape round my arm he did not want any information. Pitner and I were the only prisoners who wore them, to the great annoyance of the Liberal officers.

As my separation from the rest of the prisoners was not any longer required, Lieut.-Colonel Pitner moved on the 24th to my chapel. He told me that Escobedo had ordered a great dinner on the 16th, in celebration of the exe-

cution of the Emperor, which was to take place that day, but that he and all those invited were very much disappointed at the respite, though the dinner took place.

We were still guarded by the Supremos Poderes, who had not received any pay for a long time, and who became still greater beggars and impostors than ever. There is scarcely to be seen a more miserable rabble than these subaltern officers of the Liberals. The lieutenants were mostly boys from fourteen to seventeen years old, who romped like children, and did all kinds of foolish and improper things. One of them caught, for instance, a harmless, heavy dog by his tail and threw the poor animal from the gallery into the yard. The French officers were so indignant at this brutality, that it was with difficulty they were prevented from giving the fellow a good thrashing.

These officers came frequently into the little yard before my window, and begged for a shilling or two. Shame was utterly unknown to them, and some cynical French officers made them do things for money which I cannot even mention.

When playing a party of écarté with Pitner one night, the Caboquarto came in, but not to extinguish the candles, as I supposed, but to ask in the name of his lieutenant for two pesos. Pitner

thought one was enough, and the officer was satisfied.

Thanks to the kindness of the Emperor I had still money enough. When I asked him what to do with the hundred gold ounzes which I had in my belt, he told me to make use of them, and I asked again when separated from him, when he sent me word by Baron Magnus, that I might use the money for my own purposes. I mention this, as some persons spoke of large sums which the Emperor had confided to me.

On the 25th or 26th of June, we received a visit from the ambassador-apprentice knight Schmidt de Tavera, who had been sent to Querétaro to ask for the body of the Emperor, which had been already refused to both Baron Magnus, and Dr. Basch, who had been empowered by the Emperor himself to receive it.

The knight did not feel comfortable in our prison, probably remembering the threats of the Liberals. He made some notes about the siege of Querétaro, which Pitner and I gave him, I suppose, to make use of them in Vienna.

He complained bitterly that the Emperor had not decorated Baron Lago nor himself, and added, that this circumstance would suggest the idea that they had behaved badly. It required all my politeness not to affirm that it had, indeed, very much that appearance. The Em-

peror had expressed himself too frequently and too plainly in this respect, that I could not have the slightest doubt about his estimation of their services. The Imperial officers in Mexico had no doubt either, and when Knight Schmidt expressed himself in an unbecoming manner about the behaviour of the Emperor in this matter, and was censured for it by a colonel of artillery, he excused himself by saying, that he only spoke thus in order to win the confidence of the Liberals, and the better to serve the Emperor.

But the Liberals were not so stupid as to be deceived by the artifices of the diplomatic apprentice, and some Frenchman amongst their officers, speaking about Baron L—— and Knight S—— in the Café Fulchieri in Mexico, said, "Pour n'être pas pendu, il se sont mis du coté de ceux qui pendent," which is certainly a very safe policy.

The Emperor wrote at the end of a letter, dated June 14th:—

"Finally, my dear Baron Lago, I thank you for the fidelity and attachment which you have shown me, and request you to express also to your colleagues my warm sentiments of gratitude;" I have already expressed my opinion about this good-natured weakness of the Emperor.

The two Austrian Talleyrands travelled as

soon as possible to Vienna, to make diplomatic capital by their news, and by that letter. They succeeded admirably there, and were both decorated. I hope that this token of satisfaction from their living prince will compensate them for the poor opinion which the dead Emperor entertained for them.

Lieut.-Colonel Pitner, who distinguished himself so frequently, and received so many honourable wounds in the service of the Emperor Maximilian, returned later also to Vienna, and though he was told there, that it was against their principles to favour any of the officers, who had served in Mexico, they were so kind as to overlook it in the case of Pitner; and the Lieut.-Colonel was graciously permitted to resume his old position as lieutenant in an Austrian battalion of Marines.

My wife wrote again to me, that there was no other means to bring about her return to Querétaro, than to ask Escobedo personally for it. I therefore requested the general for an interview on June 30th. He received me with his everlasting friendliness. I told him that I was prepared for my fate, but having still many things to arrange, I desired particularly that he would permit my wife to return to Querétaro. The general replied, that I knew very well my wife had done all in her power to save the

Emperor, and it was therefore very likely that she would do still more for her husband. However, in order not be reproached with unnecessary severity, he would venture to give his consent, but must very earnestly caution me against any attempt to escape. In consequence of this answer, I requested Colonel Villanueva to telegraph for my wife.

On the 1st of July Vera Cruz surrendered, after the Imperial employés there, had embarked, and carried away with them as much as they could collect.

On the 3rd of July my wife came, in the afternoon, and gave me a charged revolver, which she had concealed in her dress, and for which I had repeatedly requested her, before she went away. She promised, also, to procure for me a mattress.

On July 5th Juarez came to Querétaro, and the inhabitants were ordered, under the threat of heavy punishment, to ornament their balconies and illuminate their houses; but as they could not be ordered to rejoice, his reception was so cold, that the president did not feel induced to stay long in that city. He continued his journey to Mexico very early next morning, accompanied by Escobedo. It is said that he went to see the body of the Emperor, but I could not ascertain whether this was true.

When Colonel Villanueva visited me, on the 6th of July, I complained to him about the particular severity used towards us, which contrasted in such a striking manner with the behaviour of Porfirio Diaz, in reference to the officers captured in Mexico. The colonel replied that my complaint was perfectly justified, but General Porfirio Diaz had done very wrongly in acting as he did, and that those officers would be again arrested, and be placed before a court-martial. I heard, at a later period, that Juarez had indeed blamed the behaviour of the general, and intended to declare his promises void; but Porfirio Diaz declared that he had given his word of honour, and would keep it, against which Juarez dared not say anything farther. The convalescent officers, who had been quartered until now in the convent of the Capuchins, were transferred, to-day, to our convent San Teresita.

On 7th July, at ten o'clock in the morning, General Castillo, the Colonels Redonet and Diaz, and the Commissary Prieto, were tried before the court-martial. On taking leave of them, we were very much affected, for we did not expect to see Castillo again, as the Liberals believed him, and with good reason, to be the best Mexican general, and wanted to get rid of such a dangerous enemy.

On the 8th of July the telegraph carried to Querétaro the distressing news from Mexico, that General Vidaurri had been captured, and shot immediately. The worthy old general and party chief had been concealed in the house of an American, but was betrayed by a woman. When the Liberal soldiers entered his room, he remained lying on the sofa, and looked fearlessly at them.

"Get up, Vidaurri!" roared one of the soldiers. The general rose, and received at once a blow on his face with the butt-end of a pistol, which prostrated him. Then he was bound with cords so tightly, that the blood came out of his nostrils. Amidst the shouts of the exulting rabble he was dragged to headquarters, where he was told he would be shot in six hours, without any trial.

The brave old general received this notification with calmness. All he asked was the favour of being permitted to embrace his son once more, which was cruelly refused. General Slaughter, formerly of the American Confederate army, procured a respite of four hours more, and permission to stay with the condemned.

At four o'clock p.m., General Vidaurri was placed in a carriage, and, accompanied by a large escort, brought to the place of execution. This was a small square, formed by the convent

walls, covered all over with filth. The general was compelled to kneel down on the most filthy spot, and shot from behind. Though he was dead at once, the soldiers found a pleasure in shattering his head with many other shots. An immense crowd filled the streets and the azoteas to witness this execution. The body remained on the spot, and the troops marched past, the band playing a polka. The horrible brutality committed at the execution of this distinguished and worthy man, revolted every man of feeling. The North Americans living in Mexico were especially indignant, and the leading American papers spoke with the utmost horror of the barbarous scenes.

On July 11th we received reliable news that we were to be placed very soon before the court-martial. The Liberal Government seemed to have resolved to get rid at least of all the Imperialist generals, and there was indeed but little hope left to us. My wife had spoken to all the higher officers, but from what they said she could not derive any certain hope that my life would be spared, and she came to see me, and to consider what other steps might be advisable. As all the Liberal generals and other influential persons had left Querétaro, we both saw, that if something was to be done to save me, it could only be done in Mexico. It

was resolved, therefore, by us, that my wife should go thither, to try what she could do with Juarez and the ministers to obtain my pardon, as there could be no doubt about my condemnation to death. Hard as a separation was under these circumstances, we had to submit to necessity.

In the evening, I received a very unexpected visit from a young Englishman, Mr. Price, an engineer employed on the construction of the railroad, whose acquaintance I had made in Mexico. He and two of his countrymen came expressly to Querétaro to try to save me, and, by bribing the soldiers he succeded in seeing me. Circumstances had, however, changed very much. The presence of my wife in Querétaro had caused the Liberals to increase all precautions to such a degree, that escape became quite impossible. The guard which was formerly placed at the door of the little yard previously mentioned, stood now inside of it; and on the flat roof stood two other guards, who could look into that yard, and also into the street.

Mr. Price saw with regret that nothing could be done, and was compelled to give up the enterprise. I was much gratified with his practical sympathy, which was combined with no trifling sacrifices, and I am glad to avail

THE EMPEROR'S PRISON.

PLACE OF EXECUTION.

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myself of this opportunity to express thus publicly my gratitude to him.

On the 12th of July, at two o'clock a.m., my wife set off for Mexico, but left me her "Jimmy," as a companion in prison.

During the last days I had been occupied with writing an account of the late events in Querétaro for the Emperor of Austria, as I supposed that such a narrative, from an eye-witness who stood so near to his brother, would be agreeable. Mr. Price, who is a good draughtsman, made a sketch, in water-colours, of the place at the Cerro de la Campana, where the Emperor was shot, and this sketch, enclosed in my account, was sent to Baron Beust.

Mr. Price was so kind as to take the parcel to Mexico, and to send it with the English courier to Vera Cruz. I do not know whether it reached the hands of the Emperor of Austria; but when I had the honour of seeing his Majesty in February of this year, he did not allude to it.

I should regret the loss of this document, and the more so, as the Emperor had only received two other reports, which are by no means distinguished by their reliability. Amongst other things these reports state, that of all the representatives of the European powers in Mexico, Baron Magnus has been the only

one who advised the Emperor to go to Querétaro.

I do not know whether Baron Magnus gave this advice at all; but I know, from the lips of the Emperor himself, that that most excellent and well-meaning English minister, Mr. Scarlett, gave him that advice when passing Orizaba, on his way to Europe.

TRIAL OF PRINCE SALM.

On the 13th of July all the imprisoned generals had to appear for the last time before General Mirafuentes. All the evidence was read over to us again, and we were asked whether we had anything to add. At the same time we were requested to choose a counsel for our defence, as the court-martial was to take place on July 15th.

The other generals, who had all acquaintances in Querétaro, complied with that request; but as I knew that the whole proceeding was nothing but a farce, and that the result could not be doubted, I declared that I did not require counsel. I was, however, told that I must have one, and that one would be sent to me, if I had no acquaintances amongst the legal profession.

On the 14th some lawyer was accordingly sent to me, and he attempted to consult with me about my defence; but there could be no doubt about the fact that I had been taken prisoner with arms in my hands.

On the 15th, in the morning, we were told

to prepare, as the court-martial was to commence at ten o'clock, in the theatre. I remained in bed, and sent word that I was ill, and did not want to go to the theatre. No further notice was taken of me, and no doctor sent to ascertain whether I was ill or not, of which I was very glad.

The other gentlemen all dressed very carefully in black, and went to the theatre.

In the afternoon I got quite well, and promenaded in the galleries, waiting for my comrades, who returned at six o'clock p.m., however, without knowing the result, as the consultation of the judges only took place after their leaving.

We were again separated from the rest of the prisoners, and Lieut.-Colonel Pitner had to leave my chapel. I procured, however, writing materials and wine from my Caboquarto, and time passed along.

On July 16th the other generals presented a petition to President Juarez, asking for pardon, and it was also sent to me for signature. I did not concur with it at all, and would not sign it; but at last I did so, as I did not like to have it appear that I blamed the conduct of my brave comrades, or wished to do anything extraordinary.

When I had to pass the cells of the other

generals, which were open, I saw in several of them images of the Virgin Mary, and wax candles burning around them.

On July 17th, at three o'clock p.m., all the generals were brought into a room, where we found General Mirafuentes. He was dressed in black, wore on his head a slouched hat, and over his waistcoat a broad gold embroidered general's sash. At his side, near a table covered with papers, stood an aide-de-camp. He read to us the sentence of the court-martial, which was death for all of us, and announced that we were to be shot on July 19th, at four o'clock p.m.

To this sentence we all listened in silence: only the Prefect Othon, who was tried with the generals, complained of the injustice of this sentence, on which Mirafuentes answered that it was now too late to make any objections.

When I returned to my chapel, I found there many subaltern officers, who pressed my hand in silence, with tears in their eyes.

Everybody can understand that it is not pleasant to be condemned to be shot, and I will not attempt to describe all I felt and thought.

On July 18th, in the morning, I had still received no telegram from my wife, and therefore could only suppose that her efforts had

been ineffectual. I therefore prepared to die on the next day.

There was in Querétaro a German apothecary, of the name of Weber, who stood at the head of the whole apothecary department during the siege, and whom the Liberals had retained, together with all the surgeons, to nurse the wounded, a duty which he fulfilled with great care and good will. I sent for him, and requested him to claim my body after execution, to embalm it, and deposit in some church, until it would be taken away by my wife.

Mr. Weber had just received the long-wished-for permission to go to Mexico, and had already got his ticket for the diligence in his pocket; but he was at once ready to fulfil my request, and to remain for that purpose in Querétaro.

In the afternoon a Mexican priest called on me, whom I had not seen before, to prepare me for death. I conversed for a time with him, and he told me that he would celebrate mass next morning at eleven o'clock a.m.; would give me then the last sacraments, and remain with me until my death.

After he had gone, I ordered the Caboquarto to bring me writing paper, wine, and cigars, and wrote, until two o'clock a.m., letters to my wife, my brother, and other relatives and friends.

All these letters I enclosed in one envelope, addressed to my wife. Then I went to bed, but did not sleep particularly well. After the manner in which the Emperor had been treated, I thought it foolish to give myself up to hope.

I was up rather early, and made my last toilet, at which I was surprised by a visit from Mr. Price. I could not resist laughing, when he expressed his astonishment at my being able to shave under such circumstances. He came to take leave of me. Some time later Colonel Villanueva also came, and I requested him to convey to my wife, after my death, Jimmy and the packet with letters for her, which he promised to do.

We were waiting to be called for the last mass, when General Mirafuentes came, in the same dress in which we saw him last, and read us an order by which our execution was postponed for five days. As we knew by experience that such a delay did not mean pardon, we were little comforted by it. Mr. Weber, my disappointed embalmer *in spe*, promised to stay five days longer in Querétaro.

Though I could not understand why I had no news from my wife, I imagined that this delay was her work.

RESPITE AND IMPRISONMENT.

On the 22nd July General Mirafuentes came again with the news that the execution had been postponed *sine die*, and in another way, which I must not betray, I was assured that my life was safe. Many circumstances and causes were at work to bring about this result; but amongst them the most important was, I believe, the exertions of the Americans living in Mexico, and the fear of the Liberal government, of provoking the American government in a dangerous manner. Nobody will blame me, I suppose, that this news improved my good humour very much.

On the 23rd of July we again had permission to communicate with the other prisoners. Pitner came again to my chapel, and we commenced making arrangements for a longer captivity.

On the 27th of July, when Escobedo returned to Querétaro, we expected some decision about our future position, and especially the execution of Castillo. The "New York

Herald" said, in reference to that journey of General Escobedo, "It is believed that he is going to Querétaro, to superintend the execution of the condemned generals, *as he is the best experienced man in human butchery.*"

To-day our guard left us, the Supremos Poderes, and their beggarly officers again came to beg from us money for their journey. They were replaced by a battalion commanded by Colonel Fueron, a handsome and elegant young man, to whom I was especially recommended by Colonel Villanueva, and who promised to do all in his power to render my prison as little disagreeable as circumstances would permit. But he cared very little for his service, and left everything to his major, of the name of Tripp, a crabbed fellow, who had learnt, however, more than other Mexican officers, as he had been in Europe, I believe, and spoke a little French.

I have already mentioned a Major von Goerbitz, who owed it to the denunciations of Dr. Licea, that he was not sent away with the other majors, but retained for court-martial. This gentleman requested permission to live with us in our chapel, and as he was a countryman we could not refuse him, though we expected much annoyance and trouble from our compliance.

M. von Goerbitz was a Mecklenburgher, and

had been an officer in the service of the city of Hamburgh. What was the reason for his giving up his position I do not know, but later he was either a beer-brewer, or beerhouse-keeper in Madrid, and Miramon brought him to Mexico, Lieut.-Colonel Pitner cautioned me against him as a disagreeable fellow: but in prison one is not so difficult to please, and glad to have company, and as M. von Goerbitz was a man of education, I disregarded these warnings.

M. von Goerbitz made many very bold statements in referring to his own person. He assured Major Ibarra, the aide of Mejia, that he was a relation to the house of Austria; and to another he stated that he had been secretary to the Austrian legation in Madrid, and also an officer in an Austrian regiment of lancers, which is just as true as his relationship to the Emperor Maximilian. In a word, he belonged to that class of bragging, impudent German fellows that you encounter only too frequently in New York, in the Bowry, and in all beerhouses, to the great annoyance of all respectable Germans, as they bring the German name into discredit.

This Goerbitz was a man discontented with everybody and everything, and, apparently, half crazy. He was in a constant rage, and if there was nobody against whom he could give vent to it, he kicked the wall with his feet like a naughty

boy. He was quite insupportable, and there was not a single person with whom he could keep the peace. He had made himself so disagreeable to the generals, that they visited me less frequently. General Escobar and others told me so to prevent misunderstandings. During the siege Goerbitz spoke against the Emperor in such an unbecoming manner, that Miramon reprimanded him for doing so, as Escobar told me.

Misfortunes bring us into contact with strange people, but the most disagreeable experiences of that kind I made was with the above-mentioned class of Germans in North America.

On July 28th we were told that all the prisoners would be again removed to the Capuchins. We kept ready until six o'clock p.m., but had to unpack again. The same thing was repeated next day; but at last our removal was fixed definitively for the 30th, at four o'clock p.m. I had taken into my service a former servant of Mejia, an Indian, of the name of Euphemio, who was an intelligent, faithful boy, and who had no other thought but how he might bring about my escape. When he and other porters were ordered to bring our mattresses to the Capuchins, before we ourselves left, he proposed to pack me into one of them, to which,

however, I did not consent. When he arrived at the convent of the Capuchins, he took possession at once of the room formerly occupied by Mejia; but Colonel Fueron came himself and made the arrangements. He and Major Tripp had a most particular grudge against me, and not without reason; for whilst other prisoners did all to win their good will, I treated them with the utmost indifference, and never greeted them first, as others did, but passed them as if they did not exist. Colonel Fueron felt offended, and said he hoped yet to see me shot, and he would have me executed if I would do something which might give him some right to do so.

I had to give up the cell occupied by my servant, and we were quartered in the locality formerly used by the soldiers of the guard, and which was dark and in a most filthy condition. But Fueron was of opinion that it was good enough for the foreign "Cabrones." Here we made ourselves as comfortable as possible. We purchased straw mats, with which we covered the floor and the walls, after they had been carefully washed, and these we hung before the window and door openings. We bought also cheap bedsteads. I had lived fortunately for months in a tent, and was used to such kind of hardship, therefore I did not feel so very much the miserable state of our room.

The subaltern officers were quartered in an adjoining yard, in the same story, and had a stone terrace from which they could look into the yard, which communicated with ours by means of a passage.

The position of the prisoners was made very tolerable by the kindness of the excellent inhabitants of Querétaro, whose behaviour cannot be praised sufficiently. The families had arranged amongst themselves that each should take care of one or more officers, and send them their meals. Those for myself and Major Goerbitz were sent by M. Rubio; and Lieut.-Colonel Pitner was taken care of by two young ladies, who did so behind the back of their Liberal father. They came also to see us now and then, to inquire how we fared and felt.

Apropos to these visits, I remember that we had also once a visit from Madame General Miramon. That poor lady wept. When I offered her my arm, she pushed it back with a gesture of disgust, for she saw only my uniform, and took me for one of the Liberal officers.

The body of General Miramon was placed for the time in the convent San Teresita, until it was taken to Mexico.

The life of prisoners is very monotonous,

and there is not much to be said about it. One tries to make the time pass as fast as possible.

Some entertainment was afforded us by the European papers, which published accounts about events in Mexico, and Mexican papers gave parts of such articles.

The American papers spoke about the execution of the Emperor in a manner which caused the Mexican government to seize them. The government had a sharp eye on all European correspondence, and not less than sixty bags of it were burnt on one occasion.

On the 10th of August, I wrote to my wife to try that my prison might be changed into banishment; but she answered that there was no chance of success at the moment. The ministers said that we ought to be glad that we were still alive, and they did not want to be importuned by further demands. My wife asked whether she might come to Querétaro, where she would like best to live. I desired it of course also, but advised her to provide a clear and ample permit to visit me, as I supposed that Major Tripp would place all kinds of difficulties in her way.

On the 16th of August, all those generals who had been tried before the same court-martial, were assembled in a cell, where pardon

was announced, and at the same time the measure of punishment for each of us.

Casanova and Escobar were condemned to ten years imprisonment; Valdez, Reyes, Monterde, Moret, Liceago, and I to seven years; the Colonels Diaz and Redonet to six years; Tomas Prieto to six years; General Ramirez four years; prefect Othon four years; and generals Calvo and Herrera y Lozada to two years; the old General Magana was set free.

On the evening of that day, Colonel Fueron and Major Tripp came, and appeared to be very much excited. We were all ordered to keep in our cells, and threatened with being immediately shot if we should attempt any disorder. It may be imagined what excitement was caused among us by these orders, and especially when we, a short time afterwards, heard firing of infantry.

A conservative guerilla band had got possession of the badly-guarded cruz, and had reached the Plaza de la Cruz, where they were, however, repulsed by a company which had been placed there.

This was an attempt made to rescue us, which was very well meant, but which had no other effect than to make our position more disagreeable.

In the evening of the 20th of August, a number of masked people also came into the

city, took possession of a quantity of arms, and went off with them unmolested.

On the 21st of August, a telegram from Mexico conveyed the news that General G. O'Horan had been shot there on that day, at six o'clock a.m. The general would not let them shoot him in the back; but at last, after much trouble, he submitted, and turning his back upon them, said, "I will do you the pleasure of showing you my back, which you have never before seen."

General Castillo, who had been placed before a court-martial different from ours, had not yet been pardoned, and the Liberal officers said that there was no hope for him whatever.

The general himself had none. He had been condemned to be shot a month ago, and expected every day to be led out for execution. He told me that this state of things was intolerable, and if it should last much longer, he would rather shoot himself.

In the night from the 25th to 26th of August, the body of the Emperor was placed in a covered car, and under such disguise sent to Mexico, with an escorted conveyance of government money.

On the 28th came the long-expected order that General Castillo was to be executed on the next morning, at nine o'clock. But towards

nine o'clock in the evening, the counsel of the general rushed into his cell with a telegram, announcing that the brave old Castillo had been pardoned by the intercession of Madame Juarez, which he would not at first believe.

This joyful news produced immense excitement in the prison. All the prisoners rushed from their cells to congratulate this very popular and brave man with tears of joy. It was, indeed, a touching scene, which was interrupted by Major Tripp, who arrived in a fury, and arrested the lieutenant and the Caboquarto of the guard, because they were humane enough to permit the lawyer to announce to General Castillo that he was pardoned. Tripp was cruelly disappointed, for he had reserved for himself the pleasure of dragging the old general to the place of execution, and of announcing to him there this news in the last moment. The poor Caboquarto was degraded for his humanity.

On September 8th, my wife at last arrived, and, as I expected, found all kinds of difficulties in getting to me, though she brought with her an especial permit from the secretary of war.

Whilst Mexican ladies were permitted to come when they liked twice a day, she was only permitted to come once, and at a certain hour, and when she came, the rude officers of the

guard put all kinds of difficulties in her way.

There had sprung up amongst the prisoners the report that on September 16th, the day of the Mexican declaration of independence, very ample pardons would be declared; and many looked forward to that day with feverish excitement, only to be understood by those who have been in prison themselves.

My wife had, however, informed me of the feeling which prevailed in Mexico, and I did not expect anything.

The day came, and the hopeful waited hour after hour for a telegram announcing pardon; but evening came at last, without any telegram, and long and sad faces were to be seen everywhere.

On the 18th of September, Colonel Cervantes, commander of Querétaro, Colonel Fueron, and Major Tripp, had cause for great consternation. An officer, with some forty men of the battalion which guarded us, had deserted! To this was added yet another calamity; for the wives of the soldiers, who had scarcely received any pay, and very little to eat, sold the cartridges of their husbands, so that the officers dared not confide to the soldiers more than two or three at once!

To prevent more desertions during the

night, the officers themselves guarded the doors of the convent.

Under such circumstances, it was very excusable that the colonels should be alarmed lest all the prisoners should escape; and that they repeatedly petitioned that they might be brought to some more secure place.

After an occurrence like this desertion in a body, which showed too plainly, that the colonel robbed his soldiers beyond their powers of endurance, they generally received a trifle of their pay, and a few ounces of meat, to appease their indignation.

These Liberal troops who guarded us were an inexhaustible source of amusement to us European officers. They were the most miserable, starved rabble imaginable, and their officers were suitable to them.

The manner in which the subaltern officers were punished by their superiors, shows plainly in what estimation they were held.

Colonel Fueron sent once, for instance, four lieutenants, who had committed some nuisance, for four days on the azotea, where they were exposed to the heat of the sun. The young fellows behaved exactly like school-boys in prison, and let down cords, to which their own soldiers secretly attached eatables and bottles.

One night, Lieutenant Kuchary heard some

one occupied with his box, which was near his bed, and missed next morning four pair of fine deer-skin gloves, which he had previously offered for sale to get a few pence. Reflecting upon who might be the thief, he saw, with astonishment, the officer of the guard trying on, very complacently, one pair of them. When asked about it, the officer answered that he had taken the gloves to sell them for the lieutenant.

In the cell of Colonel Diaz, Monte was played almost every night, and the gambling went on generally until four o'clock a.m., which gave us the advantage of being permitted to have a light much longer than allowed by the regulations, for Major Tripp was one of the most eager gamblers, and took the money, if he won, with the utmost pleasure; but report says that he was not so willing to pay when a loser.

Prisoners do not know what to do with their time, and it is wonderful what absurd and childish things are sometimes done by them in order to amuse themselves. The Frenchmen amongst us were especially extravagant in their inventions, and it was most entertaining to observe their doings, and how they induced the Liberal officers to take part in their games, to make fun of them in the most practical manner. One of these French officers had procured a fiddle, and we had now every night a ball with

the most wonderful costumes, or an extravagant ballet was arranged, which did not fail to produce a pleasant grin even on Major Tripp's face. Very much in favour were such games in which some one had to endure a thrashing, and the officer of the guard, who once most imprudently joined in one of them, received in fun a very sound beating.

Our guards fulfilled their duty in a very easy manner, and even the sentinels amused themselves as well as they could. One of our officers, who had to go during the night to a certain adjoining cell, stumbled before the door over the gun of the sentinel, which the man had laid aside, as it hindered him in his conversation with his wife or sweetheart, who came to assist him in his duty.

The greatest pleasure for all of us was, however, the morning call, which was always held in the yard. We looked at it from our gallery, though many officers, especially the French, went to the yard itself amongst the soldiers. When the soldiers had formed their line, and the Caboquarto arrived, he said, "Buenos dies, signores!" and the soldiers answered, "Buenos dies, Signor Caboquarto!" After that the numbering commenced; that is, each soldier, commencing from the right wing, had to call out the number. All went well untill number

three, but beyond that blundering commenced; and if one, for instance, said seven instead of five, or four instead of nine, the Caboquarto raised his finger admonishingly, and said, always very politely, "No, signore, no, quarto, quarto!" That over, came the officer of the guard, saying, "Buenos dies, signores!" and all the soldiers responded, "Buenos dies, Signore Commandante!" Then the officer called out, "Viva il libertad!" "Viva!" answered the soldiers. "Mueron los traditores!" (Death to the traitors), again cried out the officer, and "Mueron!" the soldiers; but generally with a laugh, even by the officer, for the prisoners, standing near them, shook their fingers at them, and gave them to understand that they would not get any more money from the "traditores." This ridiculous scene was repeated every morning.

As the kind citizens of Querétaro provided the prisoners with their meals, they were tolerably well off, though they had but little money, and especially missed their tobacco, that great solace for prisoners. General Moret bought some, but distributed it only amongst the Mexicans, which caused me to buy some also for the French officers.

My wife visited me every day, and tried all she could to make me as cheerful as possible.

Once an enormous bouquet of flowers was brought to me in her presence, and in it was concealed a billet-doux from a lady which caused much fun, until it came out that it had been written by my wife herself.

On the 21st of September, we heard that his Excellency Admiral von Tegethoff had arrived to take away the body of the Emperor, and arrange his private affairs. The arrival of the hero of Lissa of course created a great sensation amongst the Mexicans, and the more so as the dignified and proper manner in which the admiral behaved formed such a striking contrast to the behaviour of the former representative of the Emperor of Austria.

M. von Tegethoff arranged also the money affairs of the Emperor by M. Davidson, the agent of the house of Rothschild. I received a confidential letter from that gentleman, in which I was requested to give my opinion about the claims of different persons. I did so according to the best of my knowledge and judgment, and heard that these claims were paid according to my suggestions.

About that time I received a letter from Dr. Basch, in which he requested me to procure for him the plaster-of-Paris cast made from the face of the Emperor by Dr. Licea. As I could not go out, I sent my wife. The doctor had

preserved a great many relics of the Emperor; of course not because he loved him, but for the same reasons for which the Liberal Government retained his body—to do business with them.

Dr. Licea had all the clothes which the Emperor wore when he was shot, part of his beard, hair, etc., and he was waiting for a purchaser for these relics. He asked my wife twenty thousand pesos, and she asked him to make a written inventory of all the things he had, and also the price he asked for them.

Probably to bribe her, he presented her with a part of the Emperor's hair and beard, and a piece of the red silk sash which was saturated with his blood. To me he sent a piece of the Emperor's heart in alcohol, and a bullet which was found in his body.

Dr. Basch states in his book, that all the bullets passed right through his body, but all the Mexican doctors assert that one remained near the spine. I suppose it was that which was shot into his heart when he was lying on the ground.

My wife showed this inventory to Admiral Tegethoff and President Juarez. The doctor was sued for trying to sell what did not belong to him, and condemned by the court.

The representations of the Colonels Fueron and Cervantes had had their effect in Mexico,

and we received notice to keep ready for being removed from Querétaro, and distributed in different places of the country. It was said that the generals were to be confined in Piedras Negras and Isla de Caballos, with which places General Castillo had already made acquaintance.

Escape from these places was nearly impossible; for Piedras Negras is situated far in the north, in the country of the *Indianos barbaros*—the wild Indians—who have the vicious habit of scalping every white man who falls into their hands.

On 23rd September we received a visit from the before-mentioned Colonel von Gagern, whose kindness to the prisoners cannot be praised enough. He took the utmost trouble to induce his government, as well as the officers guarding us, to treat us well, and to him we owed many alleviations to our troubles.

Colonel von Gagern had already done the same for the field officers imprisoned in Morelia, and especially caused their separation from the common criminals.

He now tried to induce Colonel Cervantes to accept from us three German officers, at least, our word of honour, and permit us to go out into the city on parole. The Colonel would not grant such a permit on his own responsibility, but permitted us several times to go out from

ten o'clock a.m. until two o'clock p.m., under the responsibility of Colonel von Gagern.

The latter did not even ask for our parole, and simply requested us to meet at two o'clock in the house of my wife, from whence we should return together to the prison. We had breakfast at the Princess', and then every one went out visiting his friends.

Lieut.-Colonel Pitner and I were at the appointed place at two o'clock; but Major von Goerbitz had not yet made his appearance at three o'clock. The friendly Colonel was indignant, and we still more so. At last Goerbitz arrived at four o'clock, laughing as if he was quite unconscious of the great impropriety of which he had been guilty.

It was also owing to Colonel von Gagern that the government consented to pay each prisoner half-a-dollar a day. I consulted with the other generals whether we should accept it. They resolved to do so, in order not to prevent other officers who really wanted it from accepting it, and as they knew that the money would otherwise find its way to wrong pockets.

However, I suppose the latter was still the case, for that half-dollar was very rarely distributed amongst the prisoners, and in a very irregular manner. I, for instance, received it

only three times during my whole captivity, and gave more than a hundred times as much to Liberal officers and soldiers, whose starving condition made me feel compassion for them.

Among the Imperial imprisoned Mexicans was a guerilla lieutenant, Macdonaldo, who was very poor, and who was frequently visited by his pretty little wife with her infant child. The sad, gentle wife did all she could to alleviate the position of her husband, and won by her behaviour the sympathy even of the officers and soldiers who guarded her husband. This was very fortunate for him when his boundless passion brought him into serious trouble.

He had once a dispute with the officer of the guard, and, in a sudden fit of rage, he snatched a gun from the hands of a sentinel. He was at once overpowered, thrown down, and bound in a cruel manner. Tripp would have shot him on the spot, but his little wife prayed for his life in such a heartrending manner, that even the Major could not resist. Madame Macdonaldo suffered still with violent fits for several days in consequence of his rage.

A photographer came to our convent, and took a view of the Emperor's prison, but very badly. He succeeded better with a group of all the generals who had been condemned to be shot, into which, however, he intruded besides

my two dogs, Patschuka and Jimmy, a little Jew, Major Moskowiche, and a Major Adami. It was also owing to the kindness of Colonel von Gagern that my wife received permission to visit me whenever she liked, and to stay until ten o'clock p.m., so that we could have a regular rubber of whist.

On the 30th September, General Calvo fell sick, and was quartered in the house of a citizen, who gave bail for him; I got his room, where I made myself more comfortable.

This was, however, not to last long, for on the 5th October Colonel Cervantes received the order to prepare for our removal next day. Generals Valdez and Herrera y Lozada and myself were to go to Monterey; Castillo, Escobar, and Casanova to Fort San Juan d'Ulloa, near Vera Cruz, and the rest to Oaxaca, the capital of the state of the same name.

Monterey is far in the north, and was under the command of Escobedo. For both these reasons I should have preferred Oaxaca where the more humane and chivalrous Porfirio Diaz commanded. I communicated my wishes in this respect to Colonel von Gagern, who spoke with Colonel Cervantes, but as Cervantes could not make the alteration by his own power, he telegraphed to Mexico.

General Casanova fell ill with typhus; he

was removed to the city where he was said to have died some time afterwards.

On the 6th of October, I again had permission to go into the city until four o'clock p.m., where I had of course many acquaintances, who greeted me in the most sympathizing and kind manner. I purchased for myself and servant two little Mexican horses, that I might not be obliged to make the long journey on foot, and then visited the Cruz and several other places, where I had been with the Emperor. I desired also to visit the melancholy place where the Emperor suffered death; but as the Cerro de la Campaña is at some distance from the city, and I feared to bring Colonel von Gagern into difficulties by my not punctually returning, I abstained from doing so. My wife had been there, however, and brought me some flowers from the cerro, and a piece of the wooden cross which had been erected by pious hands. This spot had become quite a place of pilgrimage, and the cross had to be renewed several times.

Our departure was again postponed, a thing perfectly understood in Mexico, where the "asta manana" (until to-morrow) has become a rule. This delay was very agreeable to me, as I hoped that a favourable answer to my request would reach me whilst I was still in Querétaro.

When on the 7th of October I returned

from another stroll through the city to my prison, all the French officers came to my cell to take leave of me, and to thank me for the few trifling services I had been able to render them. I was very much pleased that my brave comrades and companions in misfortune appreciated so kindly my desire to serve them, and only regretted that my means of doing so had been so very limited. They tendered me the following letter :—

QUERETARO, EN LA PRISON DE LAS CAPUCHINAS,
le 5 Octbr., 1867.

A Monsieur le Général Prince Salm-Salm.

NOTRE GENERAL.—Avant votre separation de nous, un devoir de reconnaisance nous oblige à vous donner un faible témoignage de notre gratitude.

Notre position ne nous permet de vous offrir que nos vœux pour un heureux voyage et une prompte liberté.

Nous tous prions Dieu, qu'il vous protège pendant votre captivité, comme vous nous avez protégé pendant la nôtre; il ne peut rester sourd a nos prières quand vous avez été si bon pour nous.

Un jour peut-être la Providence permettra que nous vous revoyions, et dans d'autre circonstances; alors, nous pourrons vous prouver

outrement que par des paroles, tout ce que nos cœurs éprouvent de sentiments pour celui qui fut l'ami du *grand homme* et le nôtre.

Nous sommes tous avec le plus profond respect,

Vos dévoués et reconnaissants subordonnés, G. Wery Laroche, C. J. Schüpbach d'Arni, Leopold de Potter, G. van Hecht, Gérardin, Charles Ludwig, Leo. Ew. Kucharz.

On the 8th of October came at last the positive order that we were to march from Querétaro next day at one o'clock p.m., and at the same time permission for me to go to Oaxaca instead of Monterey. My wife had resolved to take up her residence at Oaxaca, and to go there in advance by the diligence, in which journey Colonel von Gagern would kindly escort her, and for which purpose he had delayed his departure.

On the 9th of October Colonel Gagern came and assured me that no other postponement would take place, and that we should certainly march at one o'clock. There was a great crowd on that day in our convent, and the guards were doubled on that account. All the friends of the prisoners of Querétaro came to take leave of them, and amongst them was a remarkably large number of ladies. We were all agreeably excited, for to prisoners any change is a relief.

The prisoners going to Vera Cruz and Oaxaca had to remain together for a great part of their journey as their road was the same. They were Castillo, Escobar, Moret, Ramirez, Redonet, Diaz, Othon, Prieto, and I. I had procured horses, but the rest had hired three carriages.

At one o'clock we were at last led into the street, which was crowded with a great number of sympathizing people, and marched to the Plaza de Independencia. In the centre of that place is a column, on which formerly stood the goddess of liberty, which, however, during the siege, was thrown down from its pedestal into the dust by a satirical republican cannon-ball. This was certainly an allegory which answered well to the state of things in Mexico.

The sympathy of the good people of Querétaro was truly affecting. Flowers, fruit, cakes, and eatables of all kinds were placed in our carriages, and poor women threw even a few coppers in. A poor old woman hobbled along with a sack full of potatoes, and it may be imagined that the well-meaning giver was not refused with her voluminous mite.

After a delay of an hour, our procession began at last to move. We were escorted by sixty infantry, under a lieutenant, and the whole train was commanded by a Captain Rodriguez, a

cousin of our brave colonel, who reconquered the pantheon from the Liberals.

Colonel von Gagern recommended me especially to this officer, and he behaved as kindly and amiably as possible. I generally rode at his side, and was quite free and unrestricted in all my movements.

We halted on the Cuesta China, the highest point near Querétaro. From thence every place and street of the city can be overlooked, and I turned a last sad look of adieu towards the Cerro de la Campaña. The place on which we stopped was the same on which we halted when we arrived with the Emperor, and prepared ourselves for entering the city. Passing Colorado, we stopped for the night in a hacienda, the name of which I have forgotten. My ride on horseback, to which latterly I had become unaccustomed, the heat of the sun, the air—altogether had so utterly tired me out, that I fell asleep without being able to eat anything.

On the 10th of October we arrived very early in San Juan del Rio, and put up in the same house which had served the Emperor as his headquarters. For appearance sake, a sentinel was placed at the door, but the soldier was instructed to let all the prisoners pass, and most of them visited the town.

The diligence from Querétaro passed at eleven

o'clock a. m., and with it came the wife of Colonel Diaz, my wife, and Colonel von Gagern. After having taken a breakfast together, they went on in advance of us. We arrived in Mexico on the 15th of October. Two leagues from the city we were met by my wife, who came accompanied by Madam Hube, the wife of a Hamburg merchant, who had been Mexican Consul-General in Hamburg before the time of the Emperor.

During our residence in Mexico we had received great kindness from this family, and my wife lived with them during the whole siege of Querétaro. They had a fine country seat near Mexico, in Tacubaya, where I passed many pleasant hours, and where many foreigners enjoyed the most liberal hospitality. At the garita we found a great many carriages with the friends and relatives of the prisoners, who overpowered us with refreshments of all kinds.

After a delay of two hours we entered the city, and were brought by the order of General Regules to the common house of correction! Here we were delivered into the hands of a superintendent by an aide-de-camp of the general. This adjutant was a child of about twelve or thirteen years, not four feet high. The pretty little fellow wore a very fine, nicely fitting uniform, high riding boots, and in his belt, behind, an enormous revolver. He made him-

self, of course, very big, and we were highly amused. General Escobar pinched the lieutenant's cheek, and asked him, "Muchacho, how old are you?"

We all pulled very long faces, for all visits and all connection with outsiders were at an end.

At eight o'clock p.m. I was directed to go to my cell, which was four paces by three, but which was provided at least with a mattress and a chair, by the care of my wife. The walls of the cell were covered with felons' rhymes in all languages; but unfortunately these scrawlings were not the only heritage left by my worthy predecessors, for in the night I was attacked by a legion of fleas, which made even the idea of sleep a fiction.

On the 16th, in the morning, the superintendent came to make us acquainted with the rules of his pleasant establishment. As the worthy officer in doing so looked with a most evident desire on my rather solid gold watch chain, I thought it prudent to remove it, and put it into the side pocket of my breeches.

I was now led into the parlour, where a visitor was waiting for me. On entering, the turnkey ordered me to take off my hat, which I kept on my head, as Colonel von Gagern, who was my visitor, had also kept on his. That trifle

excited me in a most astonishing degree, and Gagern had a great deal of trouble to calm me. Later in the day I had a visit from Mr. Skelton, the correspondent of the "New York Herald," who was well acquainted with the family of M. Juarez. He promised to take care that some alleviations should be granted to me, and also to work for my release, which he did as I heard afterwards.

The superintendent of the house of correction made his appearance about one o'clock p.m. with a very friendly face, for he had to announce to us that we were to be removed to the Convent Santa Brigida. The good man was glad to get rid of us, as we were not like his usual customers, and disturbed the order and discipline of his house. In the Convent Santa Brigida some fifty or sixty Imperial prisoners were already confined, amongst them several generals.

We had to march through the city by twos, under an escort. Old Castillo, to whom I gave my arm, was at the head of the procession. It was a most strange, but by no means an agreeable sensation which I experienced in passing as a prisoner, or rather convict, all the places of amusement, where I had been so frequently, and where I saw everywhere the well-known faces of people who saluted me.

The convent to which we were led was very

large and extremely clean. We had for our promenade a very fine shady colonnade, which enclosed a square with trees and flower beds.

Twice in the week we had grand receptions, but my wife and the families of the other prisoners had access to us whenever they liked.

I was quartered with the Generals Moret and Ramirez in a spacious room, but it was crowded all day with so many visitors that they could scarcely find room. These visitors brought with them all kinds of presents, and we had an abundance of flowers, fruit, wine, and cigars.

Baron Magnus paid me also a visit, and many Americans who belonged to the Legion of Honour. These latter were highly dissatisfied with the government; for they neither received their pay nor their arrears, and were treated in general with contempt, though their services had been found very acceptable.

These Americans did not make a secret of it that they were all adventurers, and said that on the next occasion they would join that party which offered them the most advantages. They offered to rescue me on the march, if I would take them with me to Europe, which I declined, however, as rather too expensive.

Marquez, Arellano, and Gutierez were still concealed in Mexico. The government had offered ten thousand dollars for the apprehen-

sion of Marquez, and one of the Americans said to me that he knew very well where to find Marquez; but he would not do that business, as he was sure that the government would not pay. Lopez had not received his blood-money either.

Of this rascal I have forgotten to mention a characteristic trait. When old General Escobar, who had been concealed in Querétaro, gave himself up after the proclamation of Escobedo, and was led down the street by a patrol, he met Lopez. Without saying a word, this villain went up to the old general—an unarmed prisoner—and gave him a slap in his face!

A proclamation was circulated at that time, which the Emperor was said to have written a few days before his death, and which was also published in several American papers. It is a clumsy invention, as every one may see even from its commencement.

"Countrymen! Since the valour and patriotism of the Republican army have destroyed my authority in this place, which I have defended so pertinaciously, to save the honour of my cause and my family—since the bloody siege is over in which the Imperial and Republican soldiers vied in privations and valour,—I will explain myself." And further on: "When the news of my fall and death shall reach Europe, all the

monarchs of the country of Charlemagne will demand from the Napoleonic dynasty satisfaction for my blood, and that of the Germans, Belgians, and Frenchmen spilt in Mexico."

Several persons, and especially the followers of Miramon, tried to spread abroad that it was chiefly I who caused the Emperor to suffer himself to be enclosed in Querétaro, whilst, on the contrary, all my efforts were directed to the one point of inducing him to give up that unlucky place.

As it was particularly disagreeable to me that such an opinion should be spread and believed in Europe, I wrote, at the commencement of October, to Admiral von Tegethoff, to give him an explanation in this respect. He answered on October 7th; but his letter did not find me in Querétaro, and was sent after me to Mexico, which, to my great regret, the admiral had then left; and which deprived me of the pleasure of making his personal acquaintance. He had to wait for an answer from Europe, and profited by the leisure thus gained to take a trip into the interior, especially to Cuernavaca. The following is the letter which I received from the admiral:

MEXICO, *October 7th*, 1867.

DEAR GENERAL,—I acknowledge with thanks the receipt of your letter, and assure you that

from no party did anything come to my knowledge which might be in the least interpreted as a reproach to you. I heard, on the contrary, from everyone acquainted with the details of the tragical events in Querétaro, that you, General, gave to the late Emperor numerous proofs of faithful attachment and self-sacrificing devotion, and that his Majesty himself took pleasure in availing himself of every opportunity to pay to your behaviour the well-merited, fullest acknowledgment. There cannot, therefore, according to my opinion, be any question about a vindicatory publication on your part; but I, and everyone who follow with warm interest the career of the late Emperor (commenced so promisingly, and brought to a close with misfortune and sorrow), should attach the highest value to a detailed recital of the time which the Emperor lived in Querétaro, written by you; and you, General, would only respond to a generally entertained expectation, if you would resolve to give your notes and recollections of that mournful period, next to the Imperial family of Austria, and then to the public generally.

I telegraphed your fate some days ago to Vienna; there seems to have been still in Europe some apprehensions for your life. My intercession for the release of the prisoners of

Querétaro with the government here, remains at present without effect; but Minister Lerdo told me that you, General, would be soon removed to the capital, where your position would be more comfortable. He also added that the duration of the confinement for all prisoners would be but short.

As I shall probably still remain some weeks in this country, I hope to make your personal acquaintance here. To hear of the speedy fulfilment of the promise of Lerdo would be the more agreeable to me, as an opportunity would be offered by it to be presented to the princess, which, to my really great regret, was prevented by an accumulation of business in the early days after my arrival here, and by the sudden departure of the princess, of which I was entirely ignorant.

With the assurance of my sincere regard, I have the honour to be, General, yours truly,

TEGETHOFF, V. A.

The exertions of my wife and my friends in Mexico were now bent on getting my punishment changed into exile, or on obtaining, at least, permission for me to stay in Mexico. As I soon became convinced that the latter would not be allowed, I tried to be sent to Vera Cruz instead of Oaxaca. The prison in Vera

Cruz was within the command of Porfirio Diaz, and had the advantage of being on the coast, and therefore offered more chances for escape.

STATE OF AFFAIRS IN MEXICO.

NOTWITHSTANDING the victory of the Republicans, affairs were not better arranged than before; on the contrary, insecurity and disorder were rather increased in the country, and guerilla bands—calling themselves Imperialists and Republicans, without having any connection with either government—fought on their own account, and robbed the inhabitants. The public roads were more dangerous than ever, and the diligence to Vera Cruz was attacked and robbed on an average twice a week. Such a state of things was, of course, very unsatisfactory to the travelling public, and an arrangement was consequently made to prevent at least the loss of considerable sums. The money was paid into the post-office from which the traveller started, and repaid on his arrival, after the deduction of a certain percentage. It was, however, dangerous to dispose of all money in this manner, as the robbers punished its entire absence with an abundance of thrashing. If those who were robbed parted with

good grace with their money, the robbers were usually very polite, and murder occurred but rarely.

This state of things was about the same as in England at the time when highwaymen flourished. A family who travelled from Querétaro to Mexico, and who were robbed twice on that journey, described to me the manner in which these Mexican highwaymen proceeded.

A very elegant gentleman, riding a splendid horse, the saddle and bridle of which were richly studded with silver, approached the diligence revolver in hand. He very politely took off his hat, and requested the travellers to give him two hundred dollars, which he required most urgently. The travellers, numbering about twenty persons, collected the money, upon which the elegant rascal went off, politely thanking them. A few stations further on, the diligence, which was followed by a number of extra carriages, was stopped by eight or ten dirty-looking armed ruffians. The passengers had to descend, and were marched up in a line. These ragamuffins heard with great displeasure that one of their fraternity had been beforehand with them, but commenced examining the travellers, which they did with great politeness, notwithstanding their dirty and forbidding condition. Their moral feelings were, however,

deeply wounded by discovering that two of the passengers had money about them after they had said that they had delivered all they possessed. The money was, of course, taken, and the immoral robbers received a very severe drubbing from the moral robbers. After that execution a dollar was paid back to every one, that the passengers might not starve on the road.

About this time the election for president took place, and there were several candidates for that office. Escobedo, Lerdo, and others, soon saw, however, that they would be distanced; they gave up the contest, and there remained only Juarez and Porfirio Diaz. The latter had, perhaps, the majority of the people for him; but Juarez, who was in possession, and had the disposal of larger sums, could buy the masses, and secure in this manner his re-election.

The whole country was now separated into five large military divisions, which were commanded by the following generals—Regules, Porfirio Diaz, Mariano Escobedo, Ramon Corona, and Juan Alvarez, an Indian. Each of these generals had a small force of about three to four thousand men, which might be called his *own* army, as he enlisted the men, appointed the officers, and took care of their payment.

The government for its own protection had not a larger force, and whether the generals supported them in the case of need depended upon circumstances, and whether it was their own interest to do so. Should one of the generals not feel satisfied with the measures of government, he would make a *pronunciamento*, collect his friends and partisans, and operate on his own account, and for his personal purposes.

Thus had it been for a long time in Mexico, and a more regular state of things will only take place when the United States shall think fit to put an end to that robber concern, called the Republic of Mexico.

People in Mexico were not then well satisfied with the behaviour of Juarez, and he lost many of his old friends, for he, in his prosperity, gave the cold shoulder to those who remained faithful to him when he was in bad luck.

He showed himself but rarely, and when going out he was always accompanied by three or four adjutants in citizen's dress, who carried revolvers under their coats. When he appeared once in the theatre he was received in a by no means flattering manner. Though his friends tried their utmost to make a great deal of noise, they could not drown the hissing which was to be heard in a rather disagreeable

proportion. During the representation, Miss Mendez, a favourite singer, was requested to sing an infamous song against the Empress Carlotta. Miss Mendez had, however, received many favours from that excellent princess, and was honourable enough to remember them gratefully. Instead of responding to the shameless summons, she withdrew from the stage in spite of all the noise, and the shower of orange-peel with which she was assailed. When she left the theatre she was waylaid by a Liberal officer, and horse-whipped. This was told me by Miss Mendez herself, when she visited one of her friends in prison.

An English company had obtained from the Imperial government the concession for a railroad to Vera Cruz, and had spent in this undertaking about twelve millions of dollars; but the Republican government took away this concession. By that the government was most hurt, for there was not any one in Mexico who could continue the construction, or carry on the business of the railroad where it was finished; there was also no money to pay the current expenses. Nothing else was, therefore, to be done than to confirm—at least provisionally—the concession granted by the Imperial government.

MARCH TO VERA CRUZ.

On the 21st of October we received notice to make ready to leave Mexico on the following day; but our departure was again postponed, because the government could not procure the cash required for the escort. I had received permission to go to Vera Cruz instead of to Oaxaca. Almost all the foreign ministers had left Mexico about that time, and those who were still there prepared to depart.

We were again visited by a photographer, who had procured permission to take our likenesses. The prudent artist knew that we had lost all our things, and therefore brought with him a general's uniform, which must have belonged, if not to a very great man, at least to a very stout general, for it fitted me like a dressing gown.

On the 23rd of October, I received a visit from Baron Magnus, who gave me hopes, that I should soon be released. My brother had asked Count Bismark for his intercession, and the Count recommended my case very warmly to

Baron von Gerolt, the Prussian minister at Washington. The baron spoke with Mr. Seward, and as I was acquainted with that secretary of state, and probably also on account of services rendered to the United States in the late war, he instructed Mr. Plomb, the United States minister, to try and procure my release.

The revenues of the government seemed to come in very sparingly, for we had to wait a long time for the marching order.

The Imperial officers, who were captured in Mexico, were confined with us in Santa Brigida, were very badly off, and especially in want of money. Amongst them was a general, whose name I do not remember, who had a wife and several children in great misery. He was a clever man, and modelled in wax the portraits of the Emperor and Empress, which were raffled for in prison, and brought him about sixty piastres. I had the good luck to win these portraits, and have them still. Another officer had a whole collection of silk neckties, of which he made a lottery. I won four, which were, however, begged of me by Liberal officers.

On the 25th of October, in the evening, we were told that we should remain in Mexico some time longer yet; but when my wife and other visitors had left, we received notice that we should keep ready to march next morning

at six o'clock. This manœuvre was probably made to prevent the great number of our friends from accompanying us, or to make some other demonstration.

I wished very much to transmit to my wife a few lines, and for this purpose applied to a Liberal officer who was in arrest in the convent. I gave him five dollars, and he promised that my wife should receive my note before we left.

On the 26th of October, at five o'clock p.m., all was astir in our convent, for this time we were to march in reality. In the street we found a numerous escort of cavalry, between whom we had again to march, by twos, through the city; my old friend Castillo and myself taking the lead.

My wife received my note only a few minutes before six o'clock. She drove at once to the convent, but was too late. She overtook our procession, however, before it reached the railway station. Our miserable position made such an impression on her, that she wept aloud. We were not treated as generals and prisoners of war, but really as so many rebels and convicts. Our company was still the same, only that we had lost Prieto, who had managed to remain in Mexico.

Notwithstanding the precaution taken by

the government, our departure had become known, and at the railway-station we met a large number of ladies, who treated us with coffee.

We prisoners were placed in a waggon together, with other passengers; but the lieutenant of the escort was with us, and the entrance to the car was guarded. The escort, with a major, was in another waggon. The second American consul, Mr. Cribb, happened to be with me in the same waggon. He wrote in my note-book a recommendation for me to the U. S. consul in Vera Cruz.

I had been recommended to the lieutenant of the escort, by some one in Mexico, and as we had to be together about a fortnight, I thought it well to nurse his acquaintance. For this purpose, I was incautious enough to offer him a pull from my field-flask, for he took such a liking to brandy, that he repeated the dose at each station, and became very excited and troublesome. In this frame of mind, he expressed himself in an unbecoming manner about the Emperor. Upon this, I became angry, and wanted to pull his nose, from which I was withheld with great trouble by Castillo and Escobar.

The railway ended at Apacingo, and we then had to commence our march. The major made a

very grim face; he surrounded us with his escort, and treated us rather roughly and harshly—in a word, regarded us altogether as convicts. From this, old General Escobar took occasion to take that gentleman aside, to tell him that he had to do with gentlemen, and that he should behave as the captain had done who escorted us to Mexico.

The major excused himself afterwards, saying, that they had given him quite a different account of us in Mexico; but from thence he "drew it milder," and permitted the generals to hire two diligences.

On the 27th of October we arrived at Puebla, where we were to rest one day. The major had changed altogether, and accompanied us in the evening to a restaurant, where he accepted our invitation for supper with pleasure.

For the night we were all penned up in a large and very dirty room of a barrack, situated at the foot of a hill, on which is built Fort Loretta, where the Liberals defeated the French on May 5, 1862. This victory was considered to be so important, that the Republican Government ordered many squares in different cities to be called Plaza de 5° Mayo, whilst the principal squares, which until then were always called Plaza de Independencia, were now called Plaza

del 15th Mayo, in remembrance of the fall of the Empire on the Cerro de la Campana.

We received in our barracks numerous visits from citizens of Puebla, who provided us not only abundantly with refreshments, wine, and cigars, but presented us also with a couple of hundred pesos, which the other gentlemen divided amongst themselves, as I still had some money left.

On the 29th of October we left Puebla, accompanied by many of the friendly citizens who accompanied us as far as the garita. I rode ahead with the major, and on a most delightful morning we soon arrived in a valley than which there scarcely can be anything more charming in the whole earth. Everywhere were green maize fields, and between them gigantic cactuses in the full splendour of their gorgeous blossoms, and other exotic flowers. All around were high mountains, and amongst them the highest peaks of all America, viz., the Popocatoptl, the Sierra Nevada, and the peak of Orizaba, all of them of course covered with snow.

Respecting the two former the Indians have a legend. They say that M. Popocatoptl, having killed his wife, laid her body on the Sierra Nevada, where you may see her still at the present day. Indeed, there is but little imagination required to recognize on the Sierra the gigantic

form of a woman in repose. The whole female shape, the dishevelled hair, and arms are plainly to be distinguished. Between these two mountains Cortez once marched on Mexico.

About noon we arrived at Hepiaco, where we were quartered with the mayor, and were well treated. After dinner we visited the convent San Francisco, the oldest and most curious in all Mexico. It was built by the Franciscans in 1537, and is a wonderfully solid building in the Spanish Moorish style. The walls are of immense thickness, and inside of them run passages, even in those of the towers and on the azoteas. This convent was from the beginning the theatre of bloody contests, and played an important part in all the revolutions of Mexico.

At the time of the conquest four hundred Spaniards were here besieged by one hundred thousand Indians; but the Spaniards made a sortie, and routed their enemies.

On the 30th of October we arrived at Hacotepec, where we were quartered at the priest's, and invited to dinner by the government of the town.

Hacotepec is a very fine place, as all its houses are new, for it was destroyed three years ago by an earthquake, which lasted three minutes, and by which many people were killed and wounded. The four solid built churches were destroyed also, and only one of them had been

sufficiently repaired for use. From that time the inhabitants are in such fear of a repetition of a similar calamity, that they dared not provide their houses with proper roofs, and covered them only with the skins of animals. The pleasant impression made by this place was further increased by the circumstance that it was market-day, which brought a great many Indians to the town, coming either to sell their produce, or to make purchases.

In speaking here, and generally, of the Indians in Mexico, I never mean savages, for those occur only in some of the remotest frontier districts. The Indians of Mexico are the descendants of those who were conquered by Cortez, and attained even at that time a high degree of civilization. They are of far more worth than that Spanish mongrel breed which has sprung up in Mexico since that time.

The Indians whom I saw here are strong, handsome people, of a dark complexion and with black hair, which hangs down over their forehead, and is cut directly over their eyes. The men wear leather trousers and sandals, and the greater part of them shirts.

The women are extremely well built, have wonderfully bright eyes, most splendid hair, and admirably fine teeth—in a word, they are exceedingly pretty. They wear skirts reaching

down to the half of their calves, and widely cut out chemises which do not conceal much of their wonderful bust. On festivals or market-days these chemises are finer, and trimmed with lace. In warm weather they wear their rebosso hanging over their arm, but in cool weather they wrap it gracefully around their head, and throw one end over their shoulders. The rebosso is a long shawl of fine cotton, very neatly made by the Indian women themselves, and ornamented at its end with silk network and fringes. The colour is generally a mixture of brown and blue.

The Indians bring their goods to market in baskets, which are held and carried by means of a strap running round their forehead. The whole family go to market, the men taking the lead, women and children following in single file and all running at an easy trot. When going home, after having sold their goods, the Indians fill their baskets with stones to restore again the proper weight to which they are used, for they say that they run easier thus than with empty baskets.

On the 31st October, early in the morning, we left this friendly place. The major and I left our procession and rode in advance. The lieutenant had remained in Puebla; as his propensity for liquor made him troublesome and un-

serviceable, and the major had requested the commander at Puebla to give him a more proper officer.

We arrived in good time in Tehuacan, the headquarters of Porfirio Diaz, where the major reported himself to Colonel—I believe Garcia Paz was his name—chief of the general's staff. This officer, who was very amiable, dismissed the major, and retained me. He told me I had been recommended already to the general from Mexico; that he would be here directly, and be pleased to make my acquaintance. The general, who will certainly still play an important part in the history of Mexico, and probably become its president, soon afterwards made his appearance. He is a man of about thirty-six years of age, of medium height, with agreeable features, black moustaches and small royal, thick, closely cropped hair, and not very browned complexion. He wore a grey uniform with the embroidery of a general. The manners of the general are friendly and agreeable. He received me with great amiability, and offered me his house for the resting-day we were to have in Tehuacan. I was to consider myself as his guest, and was shown into a very comfortable room, and my horses also were properly taken care of.

Porfirio Diaz commanded one of the large military divisions in which the country was

divided, and that particularly which contained his home. He had distinguished himself in the battle of Santa Loretta, where he had a higher command. When Puebla was taken later, he fell into the hands of the French, but succeeded in escaping on his way to Vera Cruz. Later he organized a corps, but which was dispersed by the Austrians, who again made him a prisoner, and brought him to Puebla, where he remained several months, until he found another opportunity of escaping. On his way he collected seven men, with whom he went to his home, where this modest commencement of an army increased in the course of the year to twelve thousand men, with whom be besieged and took Mexico.

The general is a good patriot, but by no means a follower of Juarez, and still less of Escobedo. He has in his state a large party, and had not his noble character and patriotism checked his ambition, he might have made himself president by force of arms.

When the general left the room he said, "*Au revoir* at dinner." I remained alone in the saloon, and was somewhat at a loss what to do, as he had not asked my parole. From this doubt I was released by the colonel, who was surprised to find me quite alone, and who told me that I was absolutely free to do what I pleased.

I therefore had a walk through the streets until dinner time.

At dinner were only the general, his amiable wife, eighteen years old, to whom he had been married only six months, the colonel and myself. Our conversation extended to all kinds of subjects, but we spoke a great deal about the treason of Marshal Bazaine, whose behaviour was rather sharply criticised by Porfirio, whilst he judged the Emperor far more mildly. He told me, as I have already said, that Bazaine had offered to surrender Mexico, but that he had been ashamed to accept such a shameless offer. I tried to lead the conversation to Juarez, and said how far better it would have been for Mexico if he, the general, were its president. The general was, however, very cautious and reserved, and answered only with a smile. The colonel and other officers with whom I spoke later were not so reserved, and spoke loudly about their love for Porfirio Diaz, and that they wished him to be president.

During dinner came the news that the other prisoners had arrived also, and I went out to visit them. I was very much astonished to find them in a mean room in a yard, under a strict guard. Returning at once to the general, I requested him to permit me to stay with my comrades, as I wished not to have any preference

shown to me. The general and the colonel went directly with me, and all the prisoners received, on parole, permission to quarter themselves in the city wherever they liked.

The general invited me to go with him to the theatre, but I declined, as I might expect to hear some piquant couplets, and did not trust my temper under such circumstances. I therefore preferred spending the evening with my friends.

We were to stay on the 1st and 2nd November in Tehuacan to rest. I was much in the streets, and took a great interest in the Liberal troops whom I saw there. Though it was said that each commander of a division had only about three thousand men at his disposal, I saw alone in Tehuacan between four and five thousand, and counted twenty-eight guns. I knew that the cavalry was quartered in another place, had seen troops in Puebla and on the road from thence; and as Vera Cruz belonged also to the district of Porfirio Diaz, I am sure that the number of his forces amounted to about ten thousand men at least. The soldiers were all well dressed and armed, and were the best Liberal troops I had seen in Mexico. Some battalions whom I saw drilling did better than I ever expected to find in Mexicans.

Everywhere I noticed great military activity,

and I really believed then that Profirio Diaz had the intention of making himself master of Mexico, which, however, has not proved true. I again passed the evening of the 1st with my comrades.

On November 2nd I met in the street Colonel Campos, with whom I had been in Tulancingo, where he commanded the Mexican infantry. He was likewise prisoner of war on parole, and lived with his wife and children and mother-in-law in Tehuacan. His pretty wife, my wife, the colonel, and myself, were good friends, and we four frequently amused ourselves with dancing the Paloma. I stayed in the evening with this agreeable family, and General Castillo came also. The mother-in-law of Colonel Campos had (as it is done frequently in Mexico) arranged one of her rooms as a chapel, and it was indeed a curiosity. The ceiling and the walls of this room were covered with cloth richly ornamented with gold and silver, and on the altar stood a large image of the Virgin with Christ in her arms in wax, and dressed up in the richest garments, and wonderfully ornamented, not only with exquisite silver work, but even with Mexican diamonds, which are not so expensive as brilliants, but yet very fine, and by no means cheap. Along the walls stood some other Madonnas, all pompously dressed, and decked

out with gems and fine pearls. By the side of each was a gilt shrine or closet, in which was kept the wardrobe of the Madonnas, and the inside of these shrines was filled with ornaments.

Altogether, the whole room was not only rich, but magnificent. Costly carpets covered the floor, mirrors were in abundance, and also a great number of solid silver candlesticks, of which many were gilt. In honour of the guests, all the candles were lighted, and indeed the whole chapel produced a very wonderful effect.

On November 3rd we left Tehuacan. When I took leave of Profirio Diaz, and thanked him for his kind reception, he gave me two letters of recommendation, of which one was directed to the commander of Vera Cruz, and the other to another general. We were separated here from those prisoners who had to go to Oaxaca, and since then I have not had any news from them. Castillo, Escobar, his son, and the major of the escort went in a carriage, and I rode on horseback as I pleased: an escort was no longer with us. The son of General Escobar, eighteen years old, had been lieutenant, and was released like the rest of them; but he remained during all the time with his father, and took care of him with the utmost devotion and self-sacrifice. Our journey went over Colorado and Apacingo

to Orizaba, where we arrived in the afternoon. There I received a telegram from my wife, in which she informed me that she expected my release every moment—that is, the changing of my prison into exile—which did not fail in its effect on my good humour.

On the 5th of November we again had a rest day. I visited the house in which the Emperor had resided. It belonged to a rich gentleman, whose daughter had married Colonel Schaffer. This gentleman was very kind to us, and provided Castillo and Escobar with horses for their journey. I here became acquainted with a great many persons, who offered to furnish details of the treason of the French, and especially to prove that they had surrendered their arms to the Liberals. The persons who were hired to transport these arms are still ready to bear witness of this fact.

On November 6th we arrived at Cordoba, a colony of Confederates from the United States, which had been patronized by the Emperor. This very fertile and rich place is situated in the Terra Calienta, and a great deal of coffee and fruit like bananas, and mandarines are to be found in abundance here. I received again a telegram from my wife, informing me that my release had already been signed by the Secretary of War; that she was about

arranging her affairs to come to Vera Cruz as soon as she should hear that I was free.

On the 7th we reached Paso del Mache, where the railroad re-commences, and where we stopped for the night. Our friendly major informed us that he should return to Tehuacan, and requested us to report ourselves to the commander of Vera Cruz.

On November 8th, at about ten o'clock a.m., we arrived in Vera Cruz, where I was received by my English friend, Mr. Price, to whom I had telegraphed my arrival. We three prisoners took rooms in the Hotel de Diligencias, the same house where I had nearly died of the yellow fever. At dinner I saw the minister of Juarez in Washington, M. Romero, but did not feel inclined to renew his acquaintance, as I was afraid of unpleasant explanations.

When I made up my mind to go to Mexico, I of course wanted to know how affairs were going on there, and thought I could not learn this better from any one than from M. Romero himself. For this purpose it was requisite that I should make him believe it was my intention to join the army of Juarez. The secretary of President Johnson, Colonel Browning, whom I well knew, and who wished me also to join the Juarists, introduced me to Romero.

About noon, we reported ourselves to the commander of Vera Cruz, in hope that he would allow us to remain in the city, as had been the case in Tehuacan. The commander, however, did not say anything about it, and directed us simply to return next day about the same time. We received many visits in the afternoon from Imperialists, and amongst them was the father of Colonel Rodriguez, who was killed on May 1st, in the attack against the Garita de Mexico. The poor father heard now for the first time the details of the death of his heroic son.

About five o'clock, I went with Mr. Price to a coffee-house near the shore, where we found officers from the English man-of-war stationed in the port. These gentlemen offered to take me on board their ship, where they could easily find for me an opportunity to escape to Havana. The telegram, however, which I had received from my wife made me decline that kind offer. I was, however, astonished that I found no further news in Vera Cruz, and began to fear that the Liberal government might reverse its decision.

I visited to-day the substitute of the Prussian consul, M. Olkert, who had shown me much kindness when I was ill in Vera Cruz. Although I had done nothing all day but break-

fasting and dining, I could not well refuse the invitation of some very amiable young German merchants, who gave me a most exquisite supper, which lasted from nine in the evening to two o'clock a.m., and which was rather a jolly affair.

RELEASE AND DEPARTURE FOR EUROPE.

On November the 9th we reported ourselves again at the commander's, who told us to keep ourselves ready to embark for Fort San Juan d'Ulloa at one o'clock p.m. I told the general that my release had been already signed in Mexico; but he replied that he had no notice of it. Escobar represented to him that we had come here without any guard, and that he really might venture to let us remain in Vera Cruz on parole; but he would not hear of it, saying he had received strict instructions from the supreme government to bring us to Fort Ulloa, and there we should have to go.

We had, therefore, been very much mistaken about the reasons which caused the general not to send us to the fort the day before; it was not kindness, but impossibility. There had been blowing from the north a wind which does not permit any ship to run into port, nor a boat to go to the island on which the fort is situated. We could, therefore, do nothing but submit to circumstances, and embarked at one o'clock p.m.

for that island, which is about one thousand paces distant from the shore.

Fort San Juan d'Ulloa was built centuries ago by the Spaniards, and consists of a casemated building erected on a rock protruding but little above the surface of the sea. The yard inside the building is so low that it is frequently submerged, and the casemates are, as it were, in the first story. A staircase leads to them, and before the door of each casemate is a small wooden balcony. The fort is very much dilapidated, and so damp and unhealthy that the troops have to be changed frequently on account of the great mortality amongst them.

We were presented to the commander of the fort, a Colonel Santibañas. He was a brutish-looking fellow, whose language and manners were in accordance with his forbidding appearance. He was no admirer of Porfirio Diaz, but a partisan of Juarez, and had distinguished himself only recently by his bad treatment of old Santa Anna. In order to have a pretext for his severity, he asserted that the old general designed to escape.

At the same time with Santa Anna was imprisoned here his brother-in-law, an elderly man, whom the commander put in solitary confinement, and who, in consequence, became insane. This bad treatment was probably the result of

the desire of the "supreme government" to get rid of the old general. This excellent government took it very ill that the court-martial condemned the old conspirator only to banishment instead of death, and the captain and six lieutenants who had formed that disobedient court were condemned for their crime to four months' imprisonment in Fort San Juan d'Ulloa, where they still remained on our arrival. Santa Anna was at last released, at the earnest requisition of the United States' Government.

A higher Liberal officer had previously cautioned me in Mexico to keep out of the way of Romero, and I really believe that I owe to him the harsh treatment which I experienced from the military authorities in Vera Cruz. The commander of the fort advised us that the manner in which he should treat us would depend on our behaviour, and if we tried to escape we should be treated as Santa Anna was. The one company that usually was thought sufficient to garrison the fort seemed not to be strong enough to guard us, and the colonel had requested an additional company.

The colonel himself led us into the interior yard, and gave us the choice between two casemates, which he was pleased to call "very nice rooms," though the water trickled from the ceiling, and the walls were covered with mould.

He informed us that we might remain until five o'clock p.m. in the yard, but were not allowed to go upon the wall. Nobody took care of our wants, but there was in the fort a miserable pothouse, from which we could procure, for a great deal of money, very bad meals.

The colonel lived in the house built in the yard with his young and handsome wife, whom he guarded, however, as strictly as he did his prisoners. The brutal manner of this robber-like colonel, and the horrid place in which we were quartered, appeared to us doubly repulsive, as we had been spoilt in Tehuacan and Vera Cruz, and had entertained the hope of better treatment. The horrible idea crossed my brain that Romero might have induced his government to keep me in prison, and I resolved at once to prepare to make my escape.

We were very much astonished when we were locked up in our casemate at five o'clock p.m., and a sentinel placed in the yard, from which he could observe our little balcony and door. The casemate received its light through an embrasure, which was provided with an iron bar in the middle. The evenings there were horrible, and were made still more so by the glaring revolving light of the lighthouse, which struck upon our cell according to its revolutions.

To make our situation still more agreeable, the norte set in again, and prevailed until the 13th of November, by which all communication with Vera Cruz was utterly cut off. This occurs very frequently, and continues not unfrequently long enough for the provisions on the island to become exhausted.

On November the 12th, I made the acquaintance of the lieut.-colonel commanding the ordnance on the island, and who had charge also of the so-called arsenal. He was more agreeable than the colonel, and less suspicious of his equally pretty wife, to whom I paid a visit with General Escobar. On the 13th, the lieut.-colonel went with me on the rampart, and I looked longingly over the ocean towards the east. We mounted later in the day on the watch-tower, and saw from thence the French packet "Panama" go into port. She had been two days outside on account of the "norte," and was to return to Europe in a few days.

The desire to escape became more and more powerful within me, and I was convinced that I should be successful. Mr. Price might easily procure me a file, and it would not be difficult to cut the rotten iron bar with it, closing the embrasure in our casemate. The opening was only a few feet above the sea, and during the night a boat might easily approach it. On

the rampart above my casemate was only one sentinel, and the vigilance of the Mexican soldiers is not more to be feared in the night than their shot. Before the garrison were alarmed the boat would be far enough at sea. Young Escobar, who was detained in Vera Cruz by the norte, might communicate with Mr. Price.

The norte ceased about noon; the "Panama" entered port, and young Escobar arrived with the servant of Castillo. They told me that the Prussian minister, Baron von Magnus, had arrived some days ago in Vera Cruz, and at once delivered to the commander the order for my release, which had been delayed by the norte. At two o'clock p.m. the commander announced to me my liberty, with the request to report myself to the commander of Vera Cruz.

I was extremely sorry to part with my two brave companions, and the more so as I had to leave them behind, and especially the sickly Castillo, in such an unhealthy place. I promised to try all in my power to work for the alleviation of their position, and to visit them before I left, which I intended to do on December 3rd, by the English packet.

When I came on shore, I went first to the Prussian consulate, to thank Baron Magnus for

the trouble he had taken. I telegraphed at once to Mexico, and received the answer that my wife would be in four days in Vera Cruz to accompany me to Europe.

When, however, I reported myself to the commander of the place, he insisted that I should leave by the next steamer, which was to start on November 15th, at eleven o'clock a.m.

Against this order no remonstrances were of any avail, and, sorry as I was, I could only leave a letter for my wife, directing her to follow me. Baron Magnus and the secretaries of the Emperor, Mr. Elvon and Mr. Blasio, were to embark on the same vessel for Europe.

Though my departure was so much sooner than I expected, I could not leave without bidding good-bye to Castillo and Escobar, and I went to San Juan d'Ulloa in company with Mr. Elvon and Mr. Blasio. The colonel would, however, not permit the two latter gentlemen to see the prisoners, and I had to go alone. They probably are waiting still for their release; they were still there at least in April, 1868.

On board the "Panama" was also the minister of the Republic of Bolivia, who had come to congratulate Juarez, and who was returning home. In honour of him the strand battery, which was placed near the bay, saluted.

This was the spot where Cortez is said to have burnt his fleet.

Amongst the great number of passengers on board were also some petty household officers of the Emperor; contemptible fellows, who had their trunks crammed with stolen goods, and who now abused their former master and benefactor, because he had prevented them from stealing more by his heroic death. They intended, however, to offer their services in Vienna, and hoped, I suppose, to make good the losses which they had sustained by the unselfish heroism and the death of the Emperor.

By the yellow fever we lost four passengers. At St. Thomas's we could not land, as it had been only recently destroyed by an earthquake, and we proceeded, therefore, to Martinique, where we stayed two days, as also in Havana.

After a good passage of thirty days, we arrived at St. Nazaire, where we were held for five days in quarantaine.

On 24th of December, 1868, I was in the castle of my brother, in Anholt, and spent a merry Christmas with my family, which I had not been able to do for many long years.

DEFENCE OF LOPEZ

AND THE

REPLY OF THE FIELD OFFICERS

DEFENCE OF LOPEZ.

The following pamphlet of the traitor Lopez, with the answer of the field-officers, prisoners in Morelia, has not yet been published in Europe, as far as I know.

This publication, written in an extremely vulgar style, is distinguished by its stupendous impudence, yet on all accounts is a highly interesting document. The affixed testimonials tend chiefly to prove, that Lopez had been taken prisoner at the capture of La Cruz. Most of them were given either by General Velez himself, or on the especial desire of General Escobedo, who of course would prefer to spread the opinion that Querétaro had not been taken by treason but by force of arms. One of the testimonials is even given by Lieut.-Colonel Jablonski, the accomplice of the principal traitor!

I give them only for the sake of completeness, they have otherwise no value whatever; and that the public might not think I had a particular reason for suppressing them.

The answer of the field-officers is not less interesting, and the reports of several eye-witnesses included in it are so clear, and prove so evidently the guilt of Lopez, that he never dared to give one single word in reply to it.

The same is the case in reference to my own letter. The miserable traitor, who speaks such big words in his manifesto, and challenges his "calumniators" before all the world, has not had the courage to answer to the honour I conferred on him by accepting a challenge. Though a year has passed since then, I have never heard one single word from Lopez.

THE CAPTURE OF QUERETARO:

MIGUEL LOPEZ TO HIS COUNTRYMEN AND ALL THE WORLD.

MEXICO: PRINTING OFFICE OF VICENTE GARCIA TORRES, STREET SAN JUAN DE LEBRAN, NO. 3. 1867.

In a paper of Puebla, "La Haja Suelta;" in one of Paris, "La France;" in two of the United States, "The Tribune" and "Le Courrier des Etats Unis;" in the public talk of Mexico, and between several prisoners of Querétaro, it has been stated that I had sold the military point De la Cruz, in the last-named city, and that by such treason the place had been occupied, in consequence of which the very sad events there took place.

Such bitter accusations compel me to address my countrymen, the French, nay, the whole world, as the whole world has an interest in the dreadful occurrences which took place, in order that, with the full knowledge of the facts, I may be judged.

I submit with pleasure and with pride to the inexorable judgment of the public conscience,

for that will deliver me from the infamous stain with which some malevolent people would brand my forehead, and which has already caused me indescribable pain. I have committed no treason, nor have I sold anything. I have neither been unfaithful to my duties as a soldier or a friend. I have not dishonoured my son by giving him an infamous name. And I must declare, that had I felt myself guilty of treason, I should have had energy of mind enough to wipe out that stain by dying by my own hand; the only means by which in this world the pangs of conscience can be silenced, and by which the family can be delivered from disgrace.

My narrative will be as brief and simple as possible.

Several terrible actions had taken place during the siege, and in all the sorties made by the besieged army, they had many wounded. They were so numerous, that at last they had eight hundred wounded in the hospital, which number may give some idea how many dead there must have been, amongst whom were many field and other officers.

After the sortie of the 1st of May, which was made under the command of General Miramon, and in which the valiant Colonel Rodriguez was killed, the demoralization of the

army began to make itself felt, and it quickly increased more and more.

Provisions, which had become scarce for some time, were at last exhausted altogether, and the troops were compelled to be fed on boiled horseflesh, without bread or tortillas, and wild Indian figs; the horses had only wild myrrhs and ash-leaves, except those of the regiment of the Empress, which received maize as often as circumstances would permit. The insufficient food could not keep the soldiers in healthy condition, and from this cause they lost their physical strength, and the spirit of which they had previously given such brilliant proofs. The officers, who maintained their spirits only by their sense of honour, succumbed also in consequence of their deprivations. Thus it happened that the discouragement became general, and the misery so deep and serious, that defeat was inevitable, as was known by the whole army. The unfortunate Maximilian tried in vain to encourage the army by giving them an example of bravery and endurance; the soldiers responded only feebly and without vigour, complaining of hunger, and the position became more desperate every day.

When Don Leonardo Marquez left Querétaro he received the order to collect as many troops and means as possible, and to leave only

four thousand men in Mexico; but from the day he left until the end of the siege, Maximilian did not receive a single courier, not a single piece of intelligence—nothing which might give a colouring to the hope of receiving help from him. The soldiers deserted, not a few at a time, but in whole bands they went over to the enemy, and many took their arms with them. If the word of the besieged and the besiegers should not be thought sufficient, I will affix an official document, the report of the major de ordenes of the 14th of May. The soldiers of the foreign legion, for the greater part Frenchmen, went over also to the other side, seduced, as it was said, by the letter of a countryman serving in the army of the enemy; notwithstanding that they were preferred to all, and received higher pay than the rest of the troops, for they received one peso a day.

Hunger, the discouragement of many chiefs, the bad news which circulated in the city—all this contributed to demoralize the already dispirited army.

Some of the field officers—nay, even one of the generals—had no scruple in declaring publicly that our destruction was inevitable on account of the great number of the besiegers, and their position, which enabled them to collect all kind of resources, and from the impossibility for the

besieged to obtain any. And such complaints, which went from mouth to mouth, and reached even the soldiers, was more than sufficient to demoralize the army. What could be the result of such complaints—complaints which exercised so baneful an influence on people who were starving, and without hope of assistance? Even the stratagem which was employed—pretending that Don Leonardo Marquez was approaching to the relief of the city, with a great number of troops, provisions, and ammunition, and which was carried so far as to enumerate in detail the approaching troops—did not succeed in raising the morale of the army, for this news frequently repeated and yet never coming to pass proved that it was false, producing in reality the opposite effect to what its authors intended.

To crown all, the ammunition made in the laboratory was of the worst quality; the powder had not sufficient strength, and soiled after a few shots the Enfield guns to such a degree that the bullet could not be driven down to the powder, in consequence of which the barrels burst; the paper caps which were manufactured burnt slowly, impeding by it any constant firing, and obstructing the funnel. These deficiencies, awful in a position like ours, and not to be concealed from the soldiers, contributed to feed

their discouragement, for it is well known that troops lose their courage if their arms and ammunition are in a bad condition. As all these deficiencies were reported, and on the other hand, it was necessary that nothing more should be known about them, in order to continue the base speculations which were carried on by persons whose names I shall publish if required, manifold intrigues were going on to get the order (which indeed was issued) to fire only in case of an attack on our lines. In this manner the unfortunate Maximilian was deceived, and told that the ammunition was of an excellent quality, and that it was necessary not to squander it without cause and result, as one could never have too much of it.

All the soldiers are still alive who were in the city, and they can tell whether this be true or not which I have stated. I speak before thousands of men experienced in war, and who are able to judge about the circumstances which I have related.

Starvation, no hope for relief, the unfavourable opinion of several field-officers and generals, the obvious falsehood of the news intended to inspire courage in the troops, the miserable condition of the ammunition, and the weakness and lassitude produced by the duty and the construction of fortifications, the activity of the

besiegers, who had more than replaced the losses sustained by them in the different sorties of the besieged; the great number of missing in the army, caused by death, wounds, or sickness —all this had brought the garrison to an indiscribable degree of demoralization.

The idea of a desperate sortie, in order to escape by any means, began to spring up in the mind of some courageous chiefs; but the conviction that it must end in a complete defeat, compelled them to postpone the execution of this plan, which other persons tried to prevent also, as they wanted to continue their infamous speculations.

It is very well worth notice that this sortie was not executed, because it was not believed to be practicable, even if the occasion could have been used of the absence of a column of cavalry of four thousand men, whom General Guadarrama took with him when marching towards San Larcozo against Marquez, and which column stayed away several days. If such an attempt could not be made when the enemy were deprived of such a number of troops, which were among the best armed, how could a sortie have been ventured upon after the return of General Guadarrama, when the besieged army did not count more than eight hundred horse?

All this information was concealed from the

Emperor for no other reason than for the interest which some had that it might not come to his knowledge. And just for that reason the unfortunate prince complained to me, not once, but repeatedly, about the bitterness of his position. "Many," he said, "told me in Orizaba, in order to persuade me not to leave the country, that I should have millions of pesos to support an army of many thousands for the continuation of the war. I believed in their promises and in their endeavours, and now not one of those men are by my side, with the exception of General Miramon." He complained also about the non-appearance of Don Leonardo Marquez, and very painfully about the many deceptions of which he was made the victim. Of what use was it that he gave an example of courage, and that he exposed his life as if it were of no value, when our defence was already almost impossible, when our defeat was certain, as the promises made to keep him in the country were not even partly fulfilled, notwithstanding his noble conduct and his readiness to sacrifice himself?

In order that my countrymen and the world may get an idea of the demoralization and discouragement of the army, I will only narrate two facts.

As the Emperor wanted to pay some money which he owed, and had employed for the good

of the people, he tried to get a bill discounted, which he had himself accepted, and which was payable in Mexico. For this purpose he gave me this bill, to the amount of twelve thousand nine hundred pesos, with the order to give it for ten thousand. I went with it to Don Carlos Rubio, who did not do the business, as he had no money. On the order of the Emperor, I saw him again, and wanted to borrow upon it five thousand pesos, leaving him the bill as a pledge, without getting anything. I spoke moreover, to other persons, but always without success, and returned the bill to M. Blasio. Is not this refusal the most striking proof that matters had come to their end, and that our defeat was inevitable, if the signature of the sovereign was thus insulted, or could not be honoured amongst a population which was known for its love for the monarchy?

Two or three days previously to that fatal moment when the surrender of the Cerro de las Campanas took place, General Mejia, who had offered to Maximilian to assemble the people, and to organize them for the assistance of the army, received the order to make this appeal. In consequence of this he issued a proclamation for the mentioned purpose.

Everybody in Mexico, and perhaps also in foreign parts, knows that General Mejia was the

idol of Querétaro, who there always found help and comfort, and that his prestige was enormous—almost fabulous. Well, when the Emperor wanted to know, by his adjutant, Lieut.-Colonel Pradillo, the result of his proclamation to the people, Mejia was compelled to report, that he had been able to collect only one hundred and sixty men, whom he had organized in two companies, whom he would provide with arms. Is not this also a proof that affairs had reached their end, and that this end was so visible and palpable, that it could obscure even the prestige of General Mejia? And if this happened with the people, who felt perhaps weakened by deprivations and misery, what must have been the feelings of the soldiers?

The Emperor had several times evinced a desire to leave the city. He mistrusted some of the chiefs in it and whole bodies of troops, and it was found necessary to change the garrison of some points. I appeal to the honour of General Escobedo, when I ask him whether or not several officers and many soldiers, especially foreigners, did not make him propositions to go over to his ranks. I, for my part, declare before the whole world, that the knowledge of all the things which I have related, and which I will explain by giving, if required, names and details, occupied me deeply, not for my own sake, but

on account of the Emperor's fate, who honoured me with his confidence and especial love.

On the night of the 14th of May that unfortunate prince asked me whether I had the courage to leave my line and to visit the enemy, in order to negociate with them; and on my answering affirmatively, he ordered that I should go there in the deepest secrecy, and ask permission for him to leave the city, with the regiment Empress and some persons of his suite. I acted accordingly. Notwithstanding the secrecy of my mission, I was brought before the commanding general, D. M. Escobedo, with the formalities used by bearers of flags of truce. In a conference of not more than five minutes' duration I informed him of the desire of the Emperor, and M. Escobedo charged me to acquaint the archduke that he had no authority from his government to give any guarantees, but only to compel him to surrender at discretion, or to give him battle. I returned with this answer, and reached my camp about midnight. The Emperor, foreign to his habit of retiring to bed between eight and nine o'clock, was still awake, and he inquired for me several times, ordering the aides of General Castillo to bring me to him. When he heard of my return, he sent for me, and dismissed I do not know whether the Prince Salm or the Lieut.-Colonel Pradillo, and

who will bear witness to the truth of my assertion.

The Emperor inquired, with anxiety, for the result, and when he knew it, he asked, "Have you spoken with the commanding general himself?" and when he heard "yes," he, with visible concern, gave me the order, which I transmitted, to have his horses unsaddled, as also those of the regiment Empress and his suite, which were all ready for marching, and retired to his bed. The whole army is witness, that preparations for a march had been made. The resolution of General Escobedo destroyed the last hope of Maximilian. A sortie of the army was impossible, in the state of demoralization in which it then was. The order for it had been given several times during the first days of the siege, but had never been executed, for different reasons. Several times everything was prepared: the waggons were loaded, and the artillery ready for marching; but the failure of some of our sorties, and reasons which I do not know, made these preparations useless. Such orders and counter-orders, and the bad example of not executing carefully the devised plans, made a sortie impracticable, which had been already thought impossible before the 1st of May.

The fault committed in permitting the enemy to enclose us in Querétaro, without caring for

provisions for men and horse, which were to be had in abundance in the environs of the city; the disloyalty and faithlessness of those who endangered the Emperor by suffering him to wait in vain for succour; the disobedience to his orders; the isolation of the army, and the non-arrival of the relief on which Maximilian relied,—all this could not now be remedied. The enemy had already several times become aware of our preparations for a sortie, and its impracticability; he was acquainted with the condition of our army by the deserters and the propositions which were made to him. The mission which the Emperor confided to me throws light on our real position, and its consequence was that he planned his attack—a most terrible attack, in which streams of blood were shed.

I have related what occurred until the night of May 14th. Maximilian had laid down in his room, but I, uneasy about his fate, and that of the army, remained awake to go along my lines, oppressed by tormenting thoughts, produced in my mind by the circumstances I have related. On my arrival near the Huerta de la Cruz, a principal point of my vigilance, and which I always recommended to the especial care of the officers occupying it, I found myself surrounded by soldiers and officers with

pistols in their hands, whom I recognized at once as enemies, and who made me prisoner, telling me that they had surprised the garrison. Though I was astonished at the first moment, I soon ceased wondering, as I knew very well that our soldiers could not do their duty properly from their weakness, and the state of starvation to which they were subjected. At the head of those troops was General Don Francisco A. Velez.

In that horrible moment, in which I passed through a whole lifetime full of agony, I became aware of the great danger in which the Emperor was, whose lodging in the convent de la Cruz we could reach in a few moments. I thought of sacrificing my life by giving the alarm, but I saw that such a self-sacrifice would be useless, for the officers surrounding me would have cut me down at the first cry, and my purpose would not be accomplished. Then I thought of cutting my way through, but the next place of abode was more than two hundred yards distant, and I could not possibly reach it. To permit the assailants, who had advanced to this point without having seen or been opposed by anybody, to continue their way quietly would be equal to surrendering the Emperor to them, and his escape was in my eyes the most important thing, nay the only important thing now, for in his person was embodied the politi-

cal question of the country. To gain time and to give warning to the Emperor was my only thought. I addressed myself to General Velez, and represented to him how humane it would be not to shed any more blood, and offered my assistance to prevent it. By this pretext I removed his troops by leading them to the Pantheon, and sent meanwhile Lieut.-Colonel Jablonski to report to the Emperor our position, and to convince him of the necessity of saving himself. I do not know why he lingered so long before leaving, but his delay kept me in great anxiety, and to give him time for escape, I had to remain by the side of the conquerors and to divert their attention.

When dawn was about breaking, Maximilian appeared with some of his suite, and surrounded by some soldiers of the enemy, and I assured them that they were private people and not soldiers, by which I arranged that they were not arrested. I requested Lieut.-Colonel Pradillo to lead the Emperor through some almost subterranean passages which were scarcely known; but this was not done. The Emperor went on foot. In the street, and always following my conquerors, I profited by a moment of confusion, caused by the firing of the Republican soldiers who marched on San Francisco, caught a horse which stood master-

less in the street, and rode off to join the unfortunate prince. I requested him to permit himself to be led by one of my confidants, who would bring him away on horseback, and to a house where he might remain concealed during the day and escape in the night. However, he refused to do that. I insisted with much anxiety on my request, and took one of his hands; he wavered for a moment, but then he stood on his refusal, ordering me to cause the troops to follow him to the Cerro de las Campanas, which order I gave to all officers I met, and sent him some detachments. This scene happened before the Hôtel del Aquila roja.

As witnesses for all these occurrences, I name Prince Salm, Jablonski, Pradillo, whose veracity has become proverbial, Dr. Blask (Basch), Don José de Blasio and two servants, and the Republican officers who were present. Myself a prisoner, for I would not escape, though it would have been easy for me, I tried to get guarantees for the Emperor, which, however, were not granted, and under the pretext of preventing useless bloodshed, I succeeded in detaining the enemy, who already begun to occupy several places of the city, in order to give the Emperor time to leave the Cruz as he did, and therefore I may assume that I saved him. Had I permitted the contest to

break out, or in any case or by any means had firing commenced, I am assured that Maximilian would not have thought of his escape, and that he, however much we might have begged him, would have gone to the fight, for he was brave by nature, and always wanted to partake the dangers of his subordinates; he was too noble to think of his own safety, so long as he knew that of his troops was endangered.

In order to make the reader understand my position, and to refute the evil-minded persons who have perverted my behaviour into treason, I must partly explain the position of my brigade in the places which it held. The military place of de la Cruz was included in the line which was confided to me, and which was rather extended, for it stretched from the Barda de San Francisquito to the Chiromoyo, an extent which may be estimated at at least one thousand three hundred metres, and which was occupied in the last few days of the siege by one thousand five hundred men, forming the reserve brigade, from which are to be deducted four hundred and fifty dragoons, who occupied the Convent del Carmen and the Hotel del Aquila roja in the centre of the city. In this line the following places were garrisoned :—

The height of the convent, garrisoned by a

commanding colonel, his second, thirty privates and one mountain gun. One outwork, crossing the road to Mexico, garrisoned by a captain, a lieutenant, and forty men of the regiment "Emperor," and one captain, two lieutenants, and sixty French gendarmes.

The redoubts de la Huerta, which is at the entrance of the same road, garrisoned by one officer, twenty-five men of the regiment Emperor, and a twenty-four pounder howitzer, with its gunners. By one of the embrasures of this redoubt, and in which was no gun, entered General Velez, and the Colonels Chavarria and Rincon, followed by their battalions. The Pantheon, garrisoned by one captain, one lieutenant, and forty men, with one gun. The redoubt, opposite the tower, occupied by one officer, twenty men, and one twenty-four pounder howitzer, under the command of one officer, with twenty-four gunners.

These military points formed the so-called Fuerte de la Cruz. Other fortified positions completed the line which was under my command.

The inspection was made by a field-officer of the day, and a captain, who daily received especial order to take particular care of the Huerta and the Pantheon. Beside these, were a round of field-officers, and officers for the same purpose.

I must call attention to a circumstance, which is very important in reference to any judgment upon me; that this disposition of the forces was not my work, but all was arranged in that manner when I received command of the brigade occupying this line, and which was called the reserve brigade.

Who, in any of these places, gave the alarm signal? Who fired on the assailants? Was their quick and bold entrance the work of treason on my part? I must have committed it either quite alone, or I must have had accomplices. The first is impossible, from the position of the troops just explained; for there were places from which my doings must have been observed, and might have been prevented. The second is also impossible; for I would have had to seduce, at least, from twelve to fourteen officers commanding in the Cruz and its precincts, the field-officer of the day, and the captain of the round, and the corporals at each of the garrisoned places. And if there is a man living who can say that I proposed to him such a horrible action, I am ready to submit to punishment. The field-officers, officers, and soldiers of these garrisons are prisoners; any of them may speak out and accuse me.

The truth is, that the advance of M. Velez, supported so well by his subordinates, was

executed so quickly and so well, that it became a real surprise to the besieged, who exhausted by weariness, hunger and discouragement, did not hear the noise of the advancing Liberals. This shows again the demoralization of the army, which was only kept together by the presence and bravery of Maximilian, the influence of Mejia and Miramon, and some other generals and chiefs.

This demoralization was so perfect, and the Emperor so well acquainted with it, and it was so visible to the generals, that not one of them thought even of repelling the assailants, though it would have been not only possible, but even easy, for every one who was not a prisoner like myself. I have said that M. Velez entered the garden de la Cruz, by an unoccupied embrasure; from thence he passed into the convent, through a narrow gate, and before he could reach it, he was exposed to the fire from the height. Through this door he entered a yard; and this door, and this yard, might have been defended very well, and successfully, by good troops, and the assailants might have been checked. From the room of Maximilian, a staircase led to the tower, and another from the room of General Castillo; a third from the choir, which was only ten paces distant. There there was a battalion of reserve, that rested on their arms,

and which might have been sent up into the tower, and have occupied the above-mentioned door and yard, in not more than two minutes. The Emperor delayed nearly two hours, before he left his room, and if, as I suppose, my advice reached him late, he still might have had one hour's time at his disposal. Why did neither he nor one of the generals nor one of his four aides-de-camp, nor any of the chiefs or officers, living in the same convent, make use of that battalion, or of the guard, or, at least, give the alarm signal to the garrison? Was Maximilian a coward? Was he so perplexed that he could think of nothing but how he might escape? No; nothing was done, because nothing could be done; because a demoralized army may be surprised and cannot fight; because its demoralization produces that of the chiefs, who, without losing their courage, understand that they cannot sustain a check, or engage in a fight.

Why, if things were in such a state, is it just that I should be accused? Why suppose that the treason of one man was required to conquer the besieged army, since a fight was a physical and moral impossibility?

In order to place my countrymen and the world in a position to judge of the demoralization of the army, and of the possibility of a

surprise, and the suspicion that had entered everywhere, and of the consciousness of our being lost, I will relate two facts.

General D. Silverio Ramirez was arrested, and placed in solitary confinement, because he had directed a letter to General Mejia, in which he invited him to speak to the Emperor, in order to induce him to treat with the enemy, as the whole country was opposed to the Empire, and counting on Escobedo's condescension, as he owed his life to Mejia.

The Commander Adame was also placed in solitary confinement, as he was said to be in communication with the enemy. For the same reason the gendarmes and their officers, and commander, were kept as prisoners. For a similar reason, a sergeant of the battalion Emperor, was placed in solitary confinement, on the 11th of May.

Lieut.-Colonel Ontiveros passed over to the besiegers with seventy men, during the night of the 14th of May, by the lines of San Sebastian, forsaking his post.

The Generals Casanova and Escobar were also removed without any known reason; but the opinion of the soldiers was, that they were suspected.

Colonel Villasana, who commanded the Cazadores, and was wounded in one of the actions,

had passed over to the enemy when he recovered, or he kept concealed, for he was not seen any more.

What can an army do under such circumstances? Even in such a case the trial should at least have been made to resist the assailants; but, so far from it, not even the idea was conceived of retaking the Cruz, but everybody hurried towards the Cerro de las Campanas. The later occurrences are known to the world, and I do not play any part in them.

I reflected whether I should not, in order to prove the veracity of my narrative, ask for the testimony of those persons who were able to give it; but I considered also that the malevolent, who circulated the report of my disgrace would say, that I had got such testimonies by great entreaty; and therefore I resolved to prove what had been done by the facts themselves, and by the necessary conclusions of common sense, and to leave it to every witness of these events to call me a liar, if I did not speak the truth. That is the right way to proceed; and I demand, if any one should feel himself justified in calling me a liar, that he shall do so publicly by the press, and be ready to prove before a court what he asserts; for mere talk and secret accusations carry with themselves the proof of their falsehood. And I will still

give another guarantee to him who believes he has good reason to raise his voice. In order that he not be withheld by fear of law expenses, I will pay them in case of his proving his accusation. What would money be to me then, as I could not outlive my dishonour!

I know the origin of these rumours, circulated so stupidly and with such deep malice; and as these rumours are connected with the terrible events which interest the world, they ran in the wake of that news, and circulated in Europe and America, and would be registered in history, if I did not address myself to the whole world, caring but little for my own insignificant person, but only for the gravity of the deed with which I am burdened, and of the terrible occurrences which are represented as a consequence of that action. And I think it proper to point out to the world the origin of that report which compels me to place myself before the public. The source of it is a general, who tried to get unmerited promotion for his son, which I opposed, and who, therefore, in a moment of intoxication and goaded by the feeling of revenge, explained the surprise of the Cruz by accusing me of having sold that place to the enemy. If the person of whom I am speaking should insist on what he said, I shall name him, and publish one of his letters, by

which the truth of what I said would be proved. This accusation found an echo in another chief, who was very anxious that the demoralization of the troops and the cause of it might not become public, he had contributed to it by shameless and real criminal speculations. Should he insist on the report of my disgrace, I shall make known his name also, and prove his speculations.

But equally from both parties I demand that they should boldly declare what they have asserted, and never speak about me in secret. If they do not do so, they will brand themselves as base calumniators and cowards. I have been accused of treason; why should I have committed it?

By cowardice? My body can show wounds which I received in action, and none of them show that I received them from behind. By ambition? All I could get I had by the protection and love of the Emperor. He had elevated me. By necessity or avarice? I have competency. By hatred or revenge? Hatred against whom; revenge against whom?

To obtain money? So it has been said, in fixing the price for the bad action with which I am charged, from ten thousand to sixty thousand pesos. But I will deposit in the printing office for a month the title-deed of a house, which I

will deliver over to him who can prove that I have been bribed. He shall also have what I received.

Very far from that, I lost by my becoming a prisoner my horses, my baggage, and the money which I had upon me, including one hundred pesos which M. Blasio had given me by order of the Emperor, from the six hundred which he distributed when his marching was decided upon on the unfortunate night of the 14th of May.

To obtain places and rewards? Which of these have I received? Whenever the government shall offer me a position I will not accept it. And in one case only would I take up arms, but then not as a commander, but as a private soldier, and that is if a foreign nation should invade our country.

To obtain at any rate my liberty? The documents which I affix explain my lot, and from them it will be seen that I have no more guarantees than my companions in arms, and that even my life is at the mercy of the Republican Government.

What else then could it have been which should have induced me to commit the treason of which I am accused? One single circumstance I must mention, for from that the conclusion has been drawn of my treason, and that

is that I am here and not with my companions in arms in the prison of Querétaro. I am in Mexico, because General Velez, who, as a man of honour, understood my anxiety to save the Emperor above everything, and not to spill useless blood, had a regard for me when he saw me suffer so much; and because this general who was acquainted with the calumny of the chiefs I have mentioned, against which I protested with energy, induced General Escobedo to give me permission to come here to collect the required proofs for my justification, as the commanders and officers whom I wanted were in Mexico. This justification was necessary not only for my person, but on account of the honour of my country, which never counted a traitor amongst its soldiers.

That is the reason why I am in Mexico, where I only on the 21st of this month, finished the collecting the following certificates. I have demanded no guarantee, nor has any been given to me; I am under the will of the government, and am ready to submit to my fate. Tired of enduring any longer the infamous calumny, it is indifferent to me what sufferings are still in store for me. My heart is torn by the events which occurred in my country, and I do not ask for anything, not even for rest, but only for the restoration of my honour. For it I shall be

ready to sacrifice anything, even my life, which I am resolved to stake against any one who reviles me without proving my disgrace.

Let him who will accuse me raise his voice. The press is ready, the court also; but none should come with lies; none ought to ascribe to me false statements as proofs, as that which accuses me of having wounded General Miramon, because he reproached me with my crime. I did not wound him, but a captain of the Liberal army did, and if I recollect right, he was of the battalion Nuevo Leon.

No calumny can be sustained otherwise than by lies. It cannot exist face to face with a free forehead and loud voice. Every calumniator hides and speaks in a low voice, and far away from the reviled. There is no better means to distinguish truth from a lie, if the reputation of a man is attacked, to examine whether the accusation is made face to face, or in his absence.

If the papers have published some phrases which offended me, they are covered by the veil of the anonymous. The splendours of the press dazzle the public and conceal the writer. If the editors of papers, which in Europe and in America published the calumnies, sent to them by their correspondents with their usual levity; if these editors have not lost all sense of

justice, then they will also publish this manifesto. As they can only be guided by their agents in Mexico, I request them as men of honour that if they have a certainty of the treason of which I am accused, that they prove it to me privately. In this manner they will contribute to an act of justice towards me, and the old habit of reviling Mexico in each of her sons will cease.

Before my countrymen and the whole world I solemnly call my calumniators into the lists. I expect them with their proofs. I invite them to produce them, *les ruego que lo hagan.*

My head is ready: my life would be only a small satisfaction for the wrong of which I am accused. And if it can satisfy the Mexican honour, I will give it, for above everything, I honour my country, on which would fall the reflection of the stain which is impressed on one of its sons.

This question is interesting for the conqueror and conquered. Is it not clear that this report was accepted with pleasure, out of hatred to those who will not confess that their victory was a necessity, or even a possibility? Is it not obvious that this report was accepted as a party weapon, that it might be believed the Empire was invincible without it?

This question interests both. It interests the national honour. In the eyes of the republicans all persons who served the Emperor are traitors, though we were only unfortunate: but neither they nor we understand the base action which has been attributed to me. In defending my honour I defend that of my country. May my country be just!

I summon again my calumniators. I expect them. They may come with their proofs in their hand; but if they insist in circulating mere rumours in secret, and in private letters; if they do not come out publicly, if they have not the courage to come out with their names, and do not take on themselves the consequences of a calumnious accusation; if they do not come, I repeat it, with their proofs in their hand, the character of their calumnies will become obvious to all the world.

I will wait a month for their proofs. The cause is noble, and the accusation will be the same. If they are not afraid of a secret denunciation, why should they be afraid of a public one? If it is just and true, if it avenges the public honour, if it is an atonement, a duty due to the shadow of the unfortunate Maximilian, and—above all—to Justice?

I summon them again. I expect their names and proofs. Until then and for ever, I declare

before the world *that those are liars who attribute the occupation of Querétaro to treason.*

MIGUEL LOPEZ.

MEXICO, *July* 31, 1867.

DOCUMENTS FOR MY JUSTIFICATION.

No. 1.

Reserve Brigade.—Adjutant's Office, Querétaro, May 14, 1867.—I have the honour to report to the commander of the brigade the following:—Zapadores and artillery: Nothing new. Battalion Emperor: Deserted, one corporal and six privates. Battalion Marquez: deserted, two sergeants, two corporals, and seven privates. With the other troops, nothing new. God protect your honour many years! Captain Rodrigo Adalis. To the Colonel commanding Brigade.

No. 2.

From General Valdez.

Mexican Republic.—Army of operations.—Brigadier-General. — Citizen General. This morning, at five o'clock, I had accomplished the movement which you confided to me last night, and which terminated in the capture of the Fort and Convent de la Cruz. Half an hour was sufficient for our valiant troops to occupy the

whole city. The battalions Supremos Poderes and Nuevo Leon were those with whose assistance this brilliant feat of arms was accomplished. They covered themselves with glory. The generals Paz and Chavarria, the colonels Lozano, their adjutant, Rincon Gallardo, Yepez, Lieut.-Colonel Margain, all my aides, and the whole corps of officers, carried out my orders with courage and promptitude; to them and to the discipline of the troops we owe our success. The whole garrison of the place, the artillery, and train, are in our possession. Some generals and Maximilian escaped to the Fort les Campanas. I congratulate you on the glory which the army has won, while under your worthy command. Liberty and independence!

FRANCISCO A. VELEZ.

QUERETARO, *May* 15, 1867.

To the citizen, Division-General MARIANO ESCOBEDO, Commander-in-Chief of the army of operations.

No. 3.

Mexican Republic.—Army of operations.—Commander-in-chief.—Citizen Miguel Lopez proceeds to the state of Puebla, passing Mexico, for the arrangement of family affairs, and will, after having finished his business, report himself at these head-quarters. All the chiefs of

our army are requested and ordered not to place any impediment in his way.

ESCOBEDO.

HEADQUARTERS, QUERETARO, *May* 24, 1867.

Republic of Mexico.—Headquarters of the Army of the East.—Chief of the General Staff. —Don Miguel Lopez presented to-day his passport to the chief of the army, and continued his journey for his destination.

FR. VASQUEZ ALDANA.

TACUBAYA, *May* 30, 1867.

Seal: Civil and Military Government of the State of Puebla.—Seen the present and authorized for the return.

EUFEMIO MARIA ROJAS, Secretary.

ZARAGOZA, *June* 28, 1867.

No. 4.

Republic of Mexico. Army of Occupation. General-in-Chief MARIANO ESCOBEDO, General of Division, and Commander-in-Chief of the Northern army.—I certify that the ex-colonel of the so-called empire, D. Miguel Lopez, left, on the night of May 14th last, the besieged place, and asked for a conversation with me, which took place in the lodging of Colonel Julio M. Cervantes. In it he asked permission for Maximilian to leave the place under guarantee of his life, which I declined to give,

referring to the strict orders of the Supreme Government not to enter into any kind of capitulation with the enemy. At the same time, I certify that the within-named ex-colonel was made a prisoner at the dawn of morning, next day, when citizen General Francisco Velez, on my orders, took the Fort de la Cruz and the position of the pantheon. ESCOBEDO.

MEXICO, *July* 20, 1867.

No. 5.

Republic of Mexico. Army of Operations. Commander of Brigade.—I certify that when I was ordered by General Mariano Escobedo, on May 15th of the present year, to take, at the dawn of the day, with the troops I thought convenient, the Fort de la Cruz, and enter the garden of the convent, I made prisoner, Colonel Miguel Lopez, commanding that place, and who remained with me under my own responsibility, and with the consent of the citizen Commander-in-Chief, whom he requested for this favour, as he, as my prisoner, could render services, of the nature of which he informed the general.

FRANCISCO A. VELEZ.

MEXICO, *July* 3, 1867.

No. 6.

FELICIANO CHAVARRIA, Brigadier-General.—I testify that citizen Miguel Lopez was taken

prisoner by C. General Velez, in the Convent de la Cruz, of Querétaro, at morning dawn of May 15th last, when that place was taken by our forces. FELICIANO CHAVARRIA.

MEXICO, *July* 3, 1867.

No. 7.

General-in-Chief,—Miguel Lopez, ex-colonel of the ex-Emperor of Mexico, who commanded the line No. 5 in Querétaro during the siege of that place, requests the following:—As he is under the necessity of procuring certificates in reference to the events of May 15th of this year, on the capture of the garden of the Cruz by the Liberals, he requests you to permit that Colonels D. Augustin Lozano and D. Pedro Yepez may be allowed to give him these documents for his justification. MIGUEL LOPEZ.

MEXICO, *July* 3, 1867.

QUERETARO, 10*th July*, 1867.—HEADQUARTERS.

I grant the request of Sr. Miguel Lopez, in reference to the above-mentioned testimonials.

ESCOBEDO.

No. 8.

Colonel and Chief of the Second Section of the General Staff of the Army of Operation.—After having been permitted to do so, I certify, that on the 15th of May last, when C. General

Francisco Velez took the Fort de la Cruz and the pantheon, the ex-colonel of the ex-Emperor, D. Miguel Lopez, was taken prisoner, together with some sentinels and outposts.

AUGUSTIN LOZANA.

QUERETARO, *July* 14, 1867.

No. 9.

PEDRO YEPEZ, Colonel of the battalion of the guard de los Supremos Poderes. — I certify, that in the morning twilight of the 15th of May last, when I under the order of citizen General Francisco Velez was about to take the Fort de la Cruz, in the convent of Querétaro, the ex-colonel of the so-called empire, D. Miguel Lopez, was taken prisoner, and remained with the previously-mentioned general.

PEDRO YEPEZ.

MEXICO, *July* 21, 1867.

No. 10.

General,—Miguel Lopez, ex-colonel of the ex-Emperor, who commanded the fifth line in Querétaro during the siege of that place, requests the following:—As it is of much importance to him to obtain certificates referring to the events which occurred in the morning twilight of 15th May, 1867, when the huerta of the Convent de la Cruz was surprised by the beseiging troops, he requests permission for

the Colonel D. Antonio Dominguez, Chief of the General Staff, Lieut.-Colonel D. Salvador Osio, and Captain D. Ricardo Reyes, who were present, to give these certificates.

MIGUEL LOPEZ.

MEXICO, *July* 11, 1867.

Acceded. FRANCISCO A. VELEZ.

No. 11.

ANTONIO DOMINGUEZ, Colonel of Infantry of the regular army, and Chief of the General Staff of General Francisco Velez.—I certify, that D. Miguel Lopez, who acted as colonel of the titular empire, and who commanded the line of la Cruz in Querétaro, was taken prisoner by C. General Velez on the morning twilight of 15th May last, when the huerta of the convent in the city of Querétaro was surprised.

ANTONIO DOMINGUEZ.

MEXICO, *July* 12, 1867.

No. 12.

SALVADOR OSIO, Lieut.-Colonel of the Cavalry, and Adjutant of General Francisco A. Velez.—I certify, that D. Miguel Lopez was taken prisoner in the garden de la Cruz of Querétaro, by General D. Francisco Velez, on the morning twilight of the 15th May last, at the moment in which we entered the huerta by the order of General D. Mariana Escobedo. S. OSIO.

No. 13.

Ricardo Reyes, Captain of Infantry in the regular army, and Adjutant of C. General Francisco A. Velez.—I certify, on my word of honour, that in the morning twilight of the 15th May, when the military point de la Cruz, in Querétaro, was surprised by C. General Francisco A. Velez, D. Miguel Lopez was taken prisoner, who acted as commander of the line of the Fort de la Cruz. Ricardo Reyes.

Mexico, *July* 15, 1867.

No. 14.

Antonio Jablonsky, ex-Lieut.-Colonel of the Imperial Mexican army.—I testify, that on the 15th May, 1867, at three o'clock in the morning, I was informed by Don José Maria Perez, an officer of my command, that the ex-Colonel D. Miguel Lopez, who commanded the brigade of reserve and the line de la Cruz, in that city, wanted to see me immediately; and that, when I went to the gentleman who gave me the order, that I, accompanied by confidential persons whom I might choose, should go at once to the lodgings of the Emperor (Q. E. P. D.), and inform him that the enemy had taken the garden of the convent, not knowing how they obtained entrance; and that I then went to the lodgings of General Castillo, and also to the

physician, adjutants, and servants, to advise them to hasten to save the Emperor; all which I, in virtue of that order, accomplished, in company and with the assistance of Captain D. Francisco Javier Legoretta, the Clerk D. Francisco Sanchez, and Sergeant Florentino Rocha, of my corps, and three privates. I also certify, that the ex-Colonel Lopez, when he gave me his orders, was a prisoner of the Liberals, who surrounded him.

ANTONIO JABLONSKY.

QUERETARO, *July* 5, 1867.

REFUTATION OF THE PAMPHLET OF MIGUEL LOPEZ, Etc.

BY THE FIELD-OFFICERS OF THE IMPERIAL ARMY, PRISONERS IN MORELIA.

MORELIA: PRINTED AT IGNACE ARANGO, 1867.

In Number 41 of the paper "El Globo," we have read, under the heading "Historical Document," an article signed by Miguel Lopez, ex-colonel of the Imperial army. In this article, which is replete with errors—nay, downright lies, Lopez endeavours to efface before his countrymen, and, as he says, before the whole world, the stain of treason which he bears since the 15th of May, when Querétaro was occupied by the Republican army, by representing himself as a victim of his enemies, whose slanderous statements acquired a slight tinge of truth by mere contingencies.

Though we are convinced of our little talent as authors, and also that our present position prevents us to a certain degree from the possibility of addressing the public; nevertheless we are placed in the difficult position, but one not to

be avoided, of contradicting the statements of Lopez, and of tearing away from his face his hypocritical mask, and because he defies every one who has proofs of the accusations against him, to produce them.

It is far from our intention to slander Lopez, on the contrary, we are resolved to speak the truth, and to avoid the least dishonourable feeling. We will not therefore allude to his earlier life, little as it may speak in his favour, because it belongs to a bygone period.

"The Capture of Queretaro"

Lopez calls his pamphlet, and uses a good deal of eloquence and many sentimental phrases to inform his countrymen, France, and the world, how the home and foreign press, and numerous rumours, especially amongst some of the prisoners of war, accuse him of having sold Querétaro to the Republican army. We have not seen any of the papers in which that subject was treated, but as to the public talk, especially of the prisoners of war, we are in a position to assure him that not some, but all of them are perfectly convinced of his guilt.

When Lopez asserts that his justification is that of the Mexican country, he is, according to our opinion, very much mistaken. Indeed, what have all the inhabitants of it to do with the

crime committed by one of its unworthy sons? Contempt, and abhorrence, and the lawful punishment can only exclusively fall on the guilty. But we will not deviate too far from our principal purpose, which is no other than to analyse the various points put forward by Lopez, which will not fail to prove his guilt.

We do not deny that after May 1st the situation of the Imperial army was hard and difficult, nor that some of our people, partly from want of the required spirit, partly for reasons originating in particular quarrels, began to waver, producing disunion and discouragement amongst a part of our troops; but the greater number of our officers and soldiers had still great confidence, if not in a triumph, at least in the possibility of a vigorous breaking through the lines of the enemy surrounding us, and each sortie gave us more than sufficient reasons to believe that it would be successful.

It is certain that the want of provisions became very sensibly felt amongst the defenders of Querétaro, and consequently also amongst the peaceable citizens of the city, but this want was not so serious that we should have become utterly weakened, that our courage should have forsaken us altogether, and the pluck of our soldiers have utterly left them. We were not so far gone yet that the defenders of Querétaro

should have complained to their sovereign that they were starving to death.

As to the desertions, by which Lopez will have thinned our ranks, they were of no consequence whatever. Eighteen deserters on the seventieth day of the siege is no great thing, especially considering that this defect was not altogether to be eradicated in our army in the time of peace and order, when the soldier was properly cared for, paid, and nourished.

Amongst the elements enumerated by Lopez, by which the demoralization evinced itself, he mentions the removal from the service of the Generals Casanova, Escobar, and Ramirez, as also the desertion of Lieut.-Colonel Ontiveros, who went over to the enemy with seventy men, on the night of the 14th of May. The truth is as follows:—The Generals Casanova and Escobar were relieved from the position they held in the middle of March, to restore them again to the pure military service; it never entered into the head of any one to doubt their generally known loyalty. General Ramirez received, on the night of 25th of March, a contusion, and did not leave his lodging on account of medical treatment, and had been replaced in his command long previously, when later, he, as Lopez says, was put into prison for a letter addressed to Mejia; the same was the case with

his political chum, Major Adame, who had neither any command. Their removal could not have taken place because they demoralized the troops, since they had not been in contact with them.

As regards Ontiveros it is true, that he committed the crime of which he is accused by Lopez, but it is absolutely false that a single soldier participated in it.

It is also a fact that Colonel Villasana secreted himself after the morning of 27th of April, but is it right to draw unfavourable conclusions about the spirit of the whole army because two officers showed themselves unworthy?

It is false that the ammunition made in the city was of a bad quality, and that the gunpowder soiled the guns to such a degree that they were rendered unserviceable by it. Some of the Enfield guns, indeed, were used up in a surprisingly short time, but only in consequence of the bad material of which they were made. The paper caps had, indeed, some defects, but they are not, as a rule, better manufactured, and for that reason they are only used under circumstances such as those in which the garrison of Querétaro found itself.

We cannot forbear to mention a circumstance which Lopez alleges as the reason not to fire

in the lines in case they were attacked. Lopez calls this order an intrigue and deceit of the Emperor. To show the absurdity of this assertion, we need only say that it is very strange that a colonel, however incompetent he may be, should not know the reasons of such a prohibition, which are given by all military authors treating of the defence of strongholds. It is obvious that we were under the urgent necessity of saving our ammunition.

Lopez blames, also, but generally by hints only, single chiefs of the Imperial army for the alleged demoralization. We will name these chiefs whom Lopez attacks in different places of his lampoon. For instance, the man whom Lopez attacks as rudely as he does falsely, in reference to the speculations with the ammunition, is General Don Manuel R. Arellano. This gentleman, like many others who are now attacked with impunity by Lopez, will live to see the day when they will not, as is now the case, be prevented by circumstances and impediments from answering such infamous calumnies.

The Emperor was not and could not be deceived in reference to the ammunition, for not only did he frequently visit the laboratories, but also the lines, and honoured most of the engagements with his presence.

Lopez paints the decay and demoralization

of the defenders of Querétaro in such glowing colours that one might be led to believe that our position was absolutely desperate, deducing from it that the attempt to break through the enemy's lines was an impossibility.

The thought of a decisive sortie did not enter the mind of the Emperor and his generals before the early days of May. The purpose of it was the destruction only of the lines of the enemy, their dislodgement from some important positions, the capture of guns, arms, and soldiers; in a word, all which is taught by the art of war. The best proof that our task was only within these limits is, that more than two thousand men were never engaged in a sortie, and that the artillery, some light guns excepted, always remained in position. One of these frequent sorties—for instance, that of April 27th—was in its success very favourable not only for a retreat, but even for a decisive attack against the whole of the Republican army. A position, known to us under the name of the Cimatario, remained for two hours in the possession of the Imperialists, which was more than sufficient to make good our retreat—and in good order, too, in consequence of the good spirit of our troops produced by its triumphs.

Lopez, who is pleased to represent himself as the confidant of the Emperor, relates in his

pamphlet one of the many conversations he held with his sovereign, calling him, with hypocritical affection, always the *unfortunate prince*, in which he spoke of the position in which he was placed by the non-fulfilment of the promises made to him in Orizaba; also with regard to D. Leonardo Marquez, and many other things.

Lopez depends on the fact that the dead are mute. So much is certain, that we cannot know how true was the alleged complaints of the much-lamented deceased; but we know so much, that the conversation, the actions, and the whole behaviour of the Emperor absolutely contradict what Lopez writes about him in this respect.

The difficulty experienced in the discount of a bill of the Emperor does not prove that his signature was discredited; the difficulties only and impediments in the commerce and trade of the city were the reason, as Lopez says himself, in reference to the answer of M. Rubio.

In reference to the appeal to the people of Querétaro, Lopez says that the "proverbial" prestige of General Mejia had suffered so much, that he could not succeed in enlisting more than one hundred and sixty men. In this case, as in others commented upon by the writer, he is under a great mistake. The proclamation to the people produced the desired effect, and if only two hun-

dred men were enlisted, it was in consequence of the scarcity of arms, as the greater part of those in store were damaged, and could not be repaired fast enough. The number of volunteers amongst the citizens amounted, within forty-eight hours, to above one thousand.

We now at last arrive at the principal point of his narrative, viz., the events on the 14th and 15th of May.

Lopez states that the Emperor had asked him whether he was inclined to go to the camp of the enemy, to enter into negociations with them, and to inquire *whether they would grant permission for the Emperor to leave with the regiment Empress and some persons of his household.* Lopez then tells us that he proceeded to the camp of the enemy; speaks of his meeting with their general-in-chief, Escobedo—of the refusal of that officer, and his return to the Emperor, whom he found still up, in a state of great excitement, though it was past midnight, and although it was his habit to go to bed between eight and nine o'clock p.m.

The simple and correct narrative of the events during the day and part of the night of the 14th of May will very speedily destroy the great edifice of lies, erected by Lopez to shield his own ignoble, and perfidious action.

General Miramon, always indefatigable and planning, had in the morning a conversation with the Emperor, in which he proposed a sortie with the whole garrison. The Emperor consented to the proposition of the gallant general, but demanded the meeting of a council of war previously, to discuss the best manner of executing that plan.

At this council of war, in which the principal points were settled, the generals agreed to fix the execution of the plan at eleven o'clock at night. That being arranged, Miramon assembled at his lodging all commanders of corps, communicated to them his intentions, exhorted them to adhere strictly to the orders given to each of them, and informed Colonel D. Pedro A. Gonzalez, chief of the regiment Empress, that he was charged with the duty of serving as a guard to the Emperor, and of protecting his person during the movement.

From this may be judged how far the intended sortie could be considered a secret, as is asserted by Lopez, a project for which the preliminary preparations were already commenced at four o'clock p.m. But the Emperor could not as usual retire at eight o'clock, as he had personally to attend to a thousand things, rendered necessary in an undertaking like that in question; and, moreover, because General

Miramon and many other generals and private persons, were constantly with him during the early hours of the evening.

All was prepared. The troops were in their position, as ordered by General Miramon; the artillery which was to support the movement was removed from their usual position, and were filling their caissons as much as possible with ammunition,—when Colonel Don Francisco Redonet made his appearance at head-quarters with a petition, on the part of General Mendez, who was sick in his house. Redonet represented to the Emperor, on the part of the general, that it would be very convenient if the sortie were postponed until next day, in order that he might address the soldiers of his old brigade, in which he had great and well-founded confidence, adding that he would make himself responsible for a good success if his request were granted. The Emperor sent again for the Generals Mejia and Castillo, and they agreed to postpone the sortie until the 15th.

This took place about eleven o'clock p.m. At half-past eleven Miramon returned to his lodging, after having given orders for the troops to return to their usual position, and told the colonels to wait for orders. The two batteries which were to support the sortie were the only ones which did not return to their former posi-

tion; part of them remained on the Plaza de la Cruz, and the rest before the arsenal of San Francisco.

Before we continue our narrative, we must mention a circumstance which is, without doubt, a strong argument against the veracity of Lopez. According to his statement, the Emperor had sent him to Escobedo, and had sent for him several times during the night; but we ask, could the Emperor indeed have lost his judgment to such a degree, as to forget that the commission with which he charged him required considerable time, viz., on account of the distance of the Republican camp, the impediments on the way thither, whither he had to make his way on foot, and then the time required for the interview? These circumstances are, in our opinion, striking, and prove how infamous and impudent is the statement of Lopez.

Amongst the many contradictions with which the pamphlet teems is one so remarkable, that we cannot forbear pointing it out, as it is, moreover, to the purpose. The Emperor, Lopez states, would escape with some persons of his suite. Let us see how he expresses himself at the end of the second paragraph, page 9, where he speaks of the sentiments of the Emperor in reference to his subordinates:—"He desired always to take part in the dangers of his sub-

ordinates, and his mind was much too noble to permit him to think for a moment of his own security, knowing that his troops were so much in danger. We ask what was then the intention of the Emperor? Would he clandestinely run away, leaving behind his soldiers, or would he stay with them to share all their dangers?"

Then Lopez relates the manner in which he had been made a prisoner, in the garden of the cruz, by General Velez himself; then describes, with a great amount of verbiage, his moral sufferings about the danger to which the Emperor was exposed; then explains the many impediments and difficulties placed in the way of his giving the Emperor the news about the state of things, and then narrates the manner in which he succeeded in sending intelligence to the Emperor of the danger of which he himself was the originator.

In order not to become too lengthy, we will not detain the reader by analysing the falsehoods told by Lopez, though we might easily do so, for the purpose of explaining the manner in which it happened, that General Velez, at the head of his troops, entered the cruz. We will only show that those things, related as facts by Lopez in his pamphlet, are pure inventions, and we do not require for this purpose anything but truth and a little logic, together with the

statements of those of our comrades who took part in these events, which, doubtless, will not fail to refute the author of that disgraceful act which we have now to lament.

To prove the futility of what Lopez says about the impossibility of introducing troops into the cruz unperceived, some circumstances of the greatest importance must be previously mentioned. Three or four days previous to the 15th of May, he requested permission, and obtained it, to employ a detachment of troops commanded by a certain Jablonsky, his accomplice, as the guard of the Huerta de la Cruz; and these troops occupied the embrasure in the fleche of the garden from which the gun had been retired, to form a part of the batteries which were to support the sortie.

It is perfectly true, that each troop approaching the enclosure of the garden could be seen from the top of the church; but at the time when those events took place this was prevented by the darkness of the night, and the stillness and secresy with which, of course, the troops of the enemy executed their movement. They entered by the above-mentioned unarmed embrasure, which was, as we shall hear presently, arranged and prepared for the passage. Once in the garden and behind the fleche, it was easy to surprise the other posts and

their garisons, as these had no reason to distrust troops who moved with all frankness inside the fort, and at whose head the commander of the cruz was in person. Nobody could think of treason under such circumstances, especially as it frequently happened that some detachment or other was relieved in the night; and therefore such an occurrence, especially with the knowledge that a sortie was to take place, and to which the marching of troops was ascribed, had nothing suspicious.

Let us hear now the statement of Colonel Don Manuel Guzman, the second chief of the general staff:—"It was about the fourth hour of the morning of the 15th of May, when Don J. L. Blasio entered the room in which I lived, together with General Castillo, informing us that the enemy had already occupied the churchyard. The general hurried out of the room. I was a little later, as I had to bring with me my pistols from another room. In the adjoining rooms lived the Emperor. At the door I met Lieut.-Colonel Jablonski, who said to me, 'Colonel, the enemy is already in the garden and churchyard.' Without returning an answer, I strove to reach these points, in hopes to join there my general, whom, however, I did not find.

"At once reduced to my own resources, I was anxious at least to arrive at a certainty, and

accordingly hurried through the two yards situated between the foot of the staircase and the garden, without seeing a single light in the whole basement of the convent. Near the garden-door I passed over the trench known under the name of "the tambour," and intended for the protection of the entrance. After having gone about eight or ten yards, I perceived, notwithstanding the darkness, a skirmishing line, and behind it three troops of infantry, which, by their enormous chaokos, I recognized as soldiers of the battalion Supremos Poderes, as I had noticed the shape of these chaokos worn by some of the prisoners. I could not doubt any longer that the enemy was in the full and exclusive possession of that part of the cruz; and returning with the greatest precaution, I again reached the above-mentioned tambour, but here, to my astonishment, I met with five or six officers, amongst whom was Lopez. At the first moment I did not recognise them as what they were, for I was very far from expecting to find any Republican officers in my way. Without any misgiving, I approached Lopez, and asked, "What's the matter, colonel?" He did not answer, but I saw quite plainly how he tried to hide himself behind one of the officers. On my question an officer turned round, and said with a loud voice, "Secure that gentleman!" which

order was at once executed by seven or eight soldiers that marched behind them. I was compelled to turn round, and was led twenty or twenty-five paces behind into the garden.

"I still remained of opinion that Lopez was a prisoner like myself, though I was struck with his being permitted to move quite freely. Soon afterwards I saw him with his followers pass another door twenty or thirty-five yards to the right of the tambour, and leading to the quarters of the company of the Zapadores, and a piquet of gendarmes, and to the interior of the work which had then been commenced building at the entrance of the street which leads into the Plaza de la Cruz.

"About a quarter of an hour later some figures came from the interior of the building to fetch the troops which remained behind, and entered the convent with a part of them; whilst with another the large yard was occupied which communicated by means of a breach towards the south with the line de San Francisquito, and towards the north with the lower part of the hospital, which served as quarters to the third battalion, in those days when the strength of our army permitted us still to have a battalion of reserve. The remaining detachment of the enemy guarded forty to fifty prisoners, who had surrendered at the first

surprise. A quarter of an hour later I perceived Lopez a few paces distant from me. He seemed to be in a great hurry, and said with a particularly loud voice, 'This way, general, this way!' The word gave me fresh hope, and strengthened me in the opinion that Lopez was a prisoner like myself, but had found an opportunity of escape, and now pointed out to General Castillo the way taken by the enemy. However this belief was soon taken from me, when I was led to a rampart near the wall to the left, where I found seven or eight captured comrades. Explanations of course took place, and it became soon clear to me how possible it was to execute the surprise with the greatest order, without the least noise and with a knowledge of all circumstances, without firing a shot from our side, nay, even without the slightest movement from the part of the garrison of the tower. All the commanders of the posts, with the exception of that of the tower, were prisoners. They all agreed in their tale that Lopez had told each single post (near the pantheon), '*that a battalion of the army of General Marquez had deceived the enemy, and succeeded in entering the place; that its soldiers would relieve some of the posts, and that it was incorporated with his brigade, as a movement was to take place at morning dawn.*'"

Each of us related the manner in which he had been captured, and everywhere Lopez figured as the principal actor. Notwithstanding all explanations, and at a time when every one believed it to be the end of our lives and spoke truthfully, we could not make out which way or hole the enemy could have made use of to enter without having been seen or heard by any one. After a few moments, however, the riddle was solved. The enemy had come through the embrasure of the work to which we were now led, and through which we, to our astonishment, had to descend in order to go to the camp of the enemy. The embrasure, which was at least six feet above the street, had been enlarged, and with the earth gained by doing so, a very convenient ascent had been constructed. This embrasure was, and this must be well noticed, confided by Lopez to ten men of the corps of Jablonski. I think it is useless to repeat that amongst the captured officers there was but one opinion about the crime of Lopez.

Arriving at Pati we found it occupied by a battalion of the Liberal division of Riva Palacio, commanded by Lieut.-Colonel Castaneda. Here were the head-quarters of General Velez, and we found there sick, the Republican officers, Lieut.-Colonel D. Amador Aranda, D. Salvador Osio a young man of the name of Espinosa de

los Monteros, and D. José Jimenez. An officer of artillery of ours, D. Antonio Salgado, myself, and later the chief of our sanitary department, Martinez, were invited to enter. The object of the conversation was, of course, the siege of Querétaro, and especially the events of the morning, and none of the officers had the least doubt that Lopez had delivered up the cruz; all of them said that after five o'clock an officer of the suite of Velez had brought the news that they were in possession of the cruz with all its artillery, and that its garrison were prisoners. On the question how that could be possible, as no shot had been heard, the officer answered, "*because the commander of the place, Lopez, received us and showed us the way. At first we suspected that it was an infamous piece of treachery, and the general, pistol in hand, did not leave his side for a moment, ready to blow out his brains on the first suspicion.*" Other officers gave us more details, and all were satisfied that Lopez had committed that treason. All the gentlemen named, who are men of honour, will not refuse to give their testimony to that effect.

The report of the non-commissioned officer, D. Alberto Ans, commander of the gun in the embrasure cut in the wall of the huerta, towards the Garita de Mexico, is so convincing, that his

statement alone is sufficient to convict Lopez. He expresses himself in the following manner :— "I do not recollect exactly what was the time. We were tired, and I, with all my gunners, with the exception of the sentinel, were asleep at the foot of our howitzer, when I was shaken, and on awakening I saw the commander of the line, Lopez, by whom I was ordered to take the gun from the embrasure and to turn its mouth against the convent, 'as a part of the troops in it had revolted.' Though I was astonished at the order, I obeyed. A few moments later I was taken prisoner; an officer unknown to me took the command of the gun with some soldiers, and I and my gunners were led to the line of Pati, where I met many other prisoners."

D. Luis Echeagary, commander of the battalion, Marquez, deposed the following: "My battalion had the guard on the night from the 14th to the 15th of May, and only forty prisoners, who were detached with me for the purpose of making the ditches deeper, were lying down in the passages of the hospital de la Cruz. We were the only troops at disposal, as the corps, known to us under the name of the 'Column of Reserve,' had been employed elsewhere, on account of the scarcity of troops, the last four or five days. About half past four a.m., an officer of the guard, Lieutenant Molinares, of

my battalion, rushed into my room, reporting that the enemy was in possession of the churchyard and garden. Hurrying to headquarters, I saw an unknown troop come over the large redoubt, at the right side of the church, and take its way in the direction towards the guns, which were standing not far from the entrance of the headquarters. Asking Molinares what troops they were, he said he believed they were enemies, which was confirmed directly, as they took possession of the guns. At the entrance of the headquarters, I met General Castillo, and on entering, Colonel Lopez, who, in a tone of command, which I heard with my own ears, ordered the above-mentioned forty prisoners to give up their tools or arms. General Castillo asked, 'What is going on here, colonel?' but Lopez did not answer him, but addressing me, said, 'Save the general, all is already lost!' I offered to withdraw some of my troops from the lines, to try what might be done, but Lopez said, 'No, no; leave everything as it is.'

"We encountered several Republican chiefs, pistol in hand, whom I did not know. It was impossible to bring some of my soldiers from the nearest post, as Lopez prevented it, marching at the head of a column of the enemy, and accompanied by the same Republican officers,

leading them to all the places occupied by our troops, surrounding and compelling them to lay down their arms. Either on account of the momentary confusion, or that my person and rank were not recognized, I was not then arrested. I tried to follow Lopez, who showed a great amount of activity in the operations before mentioned; but I lost sight of him at San Francisco. When I hurried to the principal square, I met, on my way, the Espladores of Mexico, the Hussars, the bodyguard, and a small detachment commanded by Jablonski in person. The three first troops were arrested, surrounded, dismounted, and disarmed. The troops of Jablonski gave a cheer for liberty, and were permitted to pass in the direction towards the Church Congregacion where I was taken prisoner."

General Monterde, the Colonels Alegre, Peza, and Lieut.-Colonel Horta, testify, that when they, already arrested, spoke on the Plaza de la Cruz with General Velez, they saw Miguel Lopez, not far from them, on a tall sorrel horse, in the uniform usually worn by him, armed, and perfectly free and unguarded; and later, they saw, in the principal square, in the same condition, Jablonski, who, with ten or twelve of his soldiers, took the direction towards the street Biombo.

Now we will give the narrative of Lieut.-Colonel D. Augustin Pradillo, adjutant of the Emperor, of whom Lopez, in his pamphlet, speaks so frequently, and appeals to his *proverbial veracity*. Pradillo relates: "The Emperor received the first news of the events of May the 15th, by his secretary, Don José L. Blasio, and a few moments later, by myself, who had soon become convinced that the enemy had taken both the cruz, and the eight or ten guns on the Plaza de la Cruz. The Emperor saw that resistance was out of the question, as meanwhile the tower had also been occupied by the enemy, and resolved, under any circumstances, to proceed to the Cerro de las Campaños. He gave me one of his pistols, taking the other himself, and left his quarters, accompanied by Colonel Salm and myself. At the door, he said to us, 'Away from here, or we die; there is no other way.' We passed through the passage, and met on the staircase a sentinel of the enemy, of the battalion Supremos Poderes, who did not hinder us, and quietly shouldered his arms. In the yard, we encountered another company of the same battalion, and heard that they inquired for Colonel Yepez. One of those that inquired, addressed us, and was answered, 'In the garden,' on which we proceeded. On the Plaza de la Cruz, we saw the enemy guarding the

guns there. The Emperor cocked his pistol, and said, 'Go on!' After a few paces, we were overtaken by a few Republicans, who appeared to be officers, and who called out, 'Stop!' The Emperor again gave the order to 'Go on!' But as, at that moment, some soldiers barred our way, we stopped. In that critical moment, we were approached by Colonel D. Pedro Rincon, accompanied by two or three persons, and fixing his eyes upon us, he said, with a loud voice, 'These gentlemen may pass, they are citizens.' But all of us were in uniform. We continued our march, and reached the quarters of the Imperial escort, where his Majesty said to me, 'Please bring me my horse.' I went to fulfil his order, and joined him and Colonel Salm, with the horse, near the town hall.

"General Castillo had joined us also. At this moment came up Colonel Lopez on horseback. The Emperor asked him, 'How things went on?' To which he answered, 'Your Majesty, everything is lost, the enemy is surrounding us.' In fact the square was filled at that moment with Republican troops, which the Emperor mistook first for a battalion of the municipal guard, but he was soon otherwise informed by an officer of the escort who recognized the enemy. We continued our way. At the house

of M. Rubio, Lopez accosted the prince with, 'Might it please your Majesty to enter this or any other house, that's the only way to save you.'

"These were exactly the words of Lopez, and his statement is false that he had offered the Emperor a hiding-place for the day, and a secure guide for an escape at night. The Emperor at once refused, without wavering; and remaining firm to his resolution to collect his troops at the Cerra de las Campaños, we continued our way. Lopez then rode away under the pretext of trying to find a way to stop the troops of the enemy. Neither is it true, that he accompanied the Emperor to the hotel of the Red Eagle. Opposite the casino we met the adjutant of General Castillo, Captain Jarero, by whom the Emperor sent to Miramon the order to bring all troops he could collect to the Cerro de las Campaños. General Castillo was on foot, for the reason that the Emperor remained so also, and thus we reached by walking on foot the before-mentioned hill, with about one hundred and fifty infantry whom we had collected on our way. Soon after us the regiment Empress arrived there, which had succeeded in leaving their quarters notwithstanding the occupation which was rapidly going on. The Emperor looked with very natural im-

patience for the arrival of Miramon. He said repeatedly to me, 'Please, look out, whether Miramon is amongst the group which is approaching. I only hope for him, and will not believe that he has forsaken us.' Colonel Gonzalez, however, who joined us with his regiment, brought us the fatal news that General Miramon was wounded, and being operated upon at that very moment.

"This sad news made a deep impression on the Emperor; he stepped aside with Generals Castillo and Mejia, who had joined us with a few horse, and submitted to them the question, whether they thought it practicable to effect an escape by cutting through the enemy. Mejia scanned the position of the Republicans with his glass, and answered, 'Sir, it is impossible to get through; but if your Majesty orders it we will try. I, for my part, am ready to die.' Then the Emperor took hold of my arm, and told the generals that the moment required an instant decision, and ordered me, to prevent further evil, to go under a flag of truce to Escobedo, and propose to him the following conditions:—

"1. If a victim was required, that he might be that victim.

"2. That his troops should be treated with the consideration due to their loyalty and valour.

" 3. That the persons composing his household should not be molested in any manner.

" Under the protection of a flag of truce, I, according to the order of the Emperor, proceeded to the city to find Escobedo. On the Plaza de la Cruz I saw Lopez in the middle of many Republican field and other officers; he rode a sorrel, wore his usual uniform, and nothing about him, showed that he was a prisoner. When I rode past him he turned his face away. It seems to me superfluous to relate my meeting with Escobedo, and its well-known result. To conclude, I will only mention a fact confirming the infamous action of Lopez. At a visit paid by the Colonels D. Pedro and D. José Rincon to the imprisoned Emperor, they related more in detail the manner in which Lopez had delivered up his line; this conversation took place in the presence of Colonel Salm and Don José Blasio. I also appeal (if it should be required) to the well-known honour of the Messrs. Rincon Gallardo."

We cannot forbear to put one question. What kind of captivity Lopez suffered, if he, according to his own narrative, was permitted to move at his will for whole hours in the garden of the cruz, and afterwards even promised the Emperor to seek for means to stop the advance of the enemy?

The chief of artillery and commander of the general park, D. Felix Becerra, relates as follows: "The great many duties resting on me, permitted me only to go to bed at three o'clock the 15th of May. Before six o'clock I was awakened by a strange noise, as if produced by the marching of infantry, and saw at the same time a detachment enter the lower corridor of the Ex-Convent San Francisco, which were the headquarters of the park. At the same moment I recognized in the troops invading the corridors the battalion Supremos Poderes and Colonel Lopez at their head, acting as their guide, who called to the soldiers, 'Quick for the tower, for the tower!' which order, led by Lopez, they immediately executed. When dressing, an officer entered my room, and asked whether I was an officer? I stated my charge and name, on which he asked for my sword, and my parole to remain as prisoner of war in my room. A short time afterwards Lopez left the corridor, and it being reported that our hussars tried to win the centre of the city, he personally assisted in forming the skirmishers against them, and in introducing a detachment of Liberal troops between the hussars and their rear-guard. He ordered them to dismount, and lay down their arms as prisoners. This my statement will be corroborated by Captain

Pawlowski, and Lieutenant Kochlich of the hussars."

To this narrative we might still add a great many others, but we think that public opinion scarcely requires any more. Then how difficult it is for us to find out our comrades of that time, who live as prisoners in some distant province, or if free, where to find them we do not at all know.

As Miguel Lopez does not know to whom to ascribe the accusation hurled against him, he designates, though without naming him, General Manuel de Escobar, who, for reasons of personal revenge and hatred, had represented him as a traitor. We have thousands of means of refuting this false assertion, but we are satisfied with the following one, as it must be obvious to every one that neither General Escobar, nor any of the calumniators amongst the Imperial chiefs, could have influenced the letters and reports written by Republican officers to the Governor of the State of Michoagan, which were published in No. 23, May the 16th, of the official paper of that state, "The Restauration." Preserving the original, we will give here the most essential parts of these documents :—

CAMP BEFORE QUERETARO, 15*th May*, 1867.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—Even now, half-past five

a.m., the fort of the enemy, La Cruz, the strongest of the place, fell into our hands. It was delivered to us by the commander, who was trusted with its defence with two battalions, who surrendered at discretion all artillery, ammunition, and material of war, etc.

D. Justo Mendoza, Colonel.

I am happy to inform you that, at this moment, five o'clock a.m., the Convent de la Cruz was occupied by our troops. The field-officer who defended it surrendered it to us with two battalions, who surrendered at discretion. Ammunition and material of war fell into our hands.

Escobedo.

"If I have committed treason, why did I do it?" asks Lopez, and enumerates all the motives which he might have had, and why such reasons could not have induced him to commit such a horrible crime.

We cannot have any certainty with regard to the real reasons which could have induced him to act as he did, but we can relate a circumstance in reference to it which is of some consequence.

The Emperor, who bestowed many favours on this ungrateful man, intended to make him a general on the occasion of the 10th of April.

This intention produced amongst the generals and higher officers great excitement, and many of them applied to General Mendez to draw, in their name, the attention of the Emperor to a stain clinging to Lopez since the days of the American invasion, which made him unworthy of such a high position. To satisfy both parties, the Emperor ordered an examination of that case, and the promotion was postponed until after it. The rage of Lopez, who was perfectly informed of the intention of the Emperor, may be imagined when that festive day passed without bringing him either promotion or decoration. Miguel Lopez takes especial trouble to explain away, by weak, futile, and illogical reasons, one of the most aggravating circumstances, and that is, that he is not a prisoner like ourselves. Our reasons will do away with all that Lopez says.

We are far from doubting the kind feelings of General Velez, of which he profited also; but is it not a strange position in which Lopez represents this general on different occasions? Velez makes him prisoner, but permits him to follow his ideas in regard to the saving of the Emperor; and later he procures for him, for the arrangement of family affairs, a passport from Escobedo to travel to Puebla. Suppose it had not been private affairs which chased Lopez

from Querêtaro, it would, perhaps, be the desire, in which, however, the conqueror was very little interested, to clear himself from the suspicion of treason by testimonies to be procured elsewhere; which not only concerned his case, as Lopez says, more proudly than logically, not only him but the whole country, how was it that he was permitted to travel not only without an escort or without any guarantee whatever? Could not his honour, nay the least sense of propriety, retain him with his imprisoned comrades, or, after having done his business, bring him back there, where he could share their fate? The mere parole of a miserably ungrateful fellow is generally not considered to be a guarantee. According to his own statement, he was already, immediately after the catastrophe, acquainted with the accusation against him; he had unlimited access to all the leading personages of the Republicans; but still he remained nine days after its fall, and neglected to see his imprisoned Emperor, whom he had to thank for so many distinctions and graces, and to justify himself. What did he hope for? What restrained him? We will tell him. He hoped for the death of the Emperor. He was afraid of the just reproaches and accusations, to which he had nothing to oppose.

Our store of reports and statements is not

yet exhausted, and some of them relate to the justificatory evidence in his appendix; but we think we may dispense with it, and will only draw attention to that of Jablonski, who, like Lopez, is free, and who was nothing but his accomplice.

We have fulfilled our task, and have torn the mask from the face of Lopez. We declare him before all the world as an unworthy soldier and the most ungrateful of men.

With this our manifesto, Miguel Lopez is summoned into the lists, and we do not doubt he will find his inexorable judge in the impartiality of public opinion. To its irrevocable judgment in this case it is committed.

Manuel Guzman, colonel; Manuel Alegre, colonel; Juan Adolfo Carranza, colonel; José Maria Zapata, colonel; Pedro A. Gonzalez, colonel; Ignacio Garcia, colonel; Trinidad M. Garcia, lieut.-colonel; Antonio M. de Horta, lieut.-colonel; Miguel Gutierrez, lieut.-colonel; Faustino Valderrez, lieut.-colonel; Ramon R. Robles, lieut.-colonel; Manuel V. Escalante, lieut.-colonel; Augustin Pradillo, lieut.-colonel; Ignacio de Arreta, lieut.-colonel; Manuel Marcon, lieut.-colonel; Pedro Navarrete, lieut.-colonel; Francisco Campos, lieut.-colonel; Manuel Trastorza, lieut.-colonel; Juan Verna, lieut.-colonel; José Nava, major; Hermenegildo

Rojas, major; Juan Obscuras, major; Ernesto Malburg, major; Victorian Montero, major; José Maria Vilchis, major; Macedonio Victorica, major; Luis Echkagaray, major; Manuel Montero, major; Casimiro Frontana, major; Ignacio Sepulveda, major; Carlos Gutierrez, major; Miguel de Gávis, major; Ignacio Cabello, major; Casto Veráza, major; Godardo, Conde de Pachta, major; José Carlos Arozena, major; Félix Becerra, major; Pio Quinto Claveria, major; Juan Ramirez; Antonio Perez.

PUBLIC PRISON OF MORELIA,
August 19*th*, 1867.

TO DON MIGUEL LOPEZ,

Ex-Colonel of the Mexican Empire and Author of the Pamphlet entitled

"THE CAPTURE OF QUERETARO;

Miguel Lopez to his Countrymen and all the World."

In the above-mentioned pamphlet, which you address to your countrymen, France, and all the world, you refer to me as a principal witness, that Querétaro was not taken by treason, and assert at the same time that your pamphlet has the character of perfect truth.

Though, as you know, I have been a prisoner of war for nearly five months, my feeling for justice does not permit me any longer to keep silence, and answering your summons, I will prove to you that your pamphlet has the character of the most perfect untruth.

First I refer to the answer of my gallant companions in arms in Morelia, entitled "Refutation of the pamphlet published by Miguel Lopez in reference to the capture of Querétaro on 15th of May, 1867, by the imprisoned field-officers of the Imperial army in Morelia," and

declare that it is perfectly conformable with truth, and entirely expresses also my opinion.

Before the world you assert that Querétaro had been taken by force of arms; the Emperor had, on the fatal night, from 14th to 15th May, commissioned you to treat with the enemy; that our army had been perfectly demoralized; that no sortie had been possible any more; and, finally, before your countrymen—nay, before the whole world—you challenge those men who assert that Querétaro fell by treason, and who dare to contradict your assertions.

I declare to you, before the world, that Querétaro did not fall in any other manner than by treason, that *you* are the traitor; and that the blood of your former sovereign and benefactor is on your hands.

It is a lie that the Emperor had commissioned you to negociate with the enemy.

After you had left the Emperor on the night in question, I had the honour of seeing him at about half-past twelve; the Emperor had *never* and not at that moment the least intention of entering into any negociations with the enemy, for his small faithful army was still courageous and gallant enough to cut their way through the line of the enemy with their beloved monarch. Not to mention that it was utterly against the character of the late Emperor

to have given you the order to negociate with the enemy, of which you are perfectly convinced yourself, you will, I think, permit me to ask you before the whole world a few questions.

If you, on the fatal night of the 14th of May, were ordered to go to the camp of the enemy, why did you, about two o'clock, return with a higher Liberal officer, whom you know very well,* and introduced him into the cruz, in the headquarters of the Emperor, in our redoubt?

Why did you give—decidedly against the will and the knowledge of the Emperor—the life escort and the Hungarian hussars the order to unsaddle, whilst I had conveyed to them the order of the Emperor to remain saddled?

Why did you, in such a dangerous situation, and on your own responsibility remove the guard from outside the Emperor's room, and the company of infantry, who together with half a company of the regiment Empress, were on duty?

Why were all localities of the cruz with few exceptions, completely deprived of troops, to the remotest huerta on your orders?

Why were the eight guns which stood on the Plaza de la Cruz turned with their mouths towards the city?

Why was the 36-pounder which was placed

* General Velez.

in the work to the left of the cruz, deprived of its gunners, and upset when the enemy advanced?

Why did you, after two o'clock, lead the same general, who was in citizen's dress, and had a small revolver in his pocket, round into our fort, that he might become acquainted with it?

Why did you, before four o'clock a.m., accompanied by the same general, again leave our lines and return a quarter of an hour later *at the head of two battalions of the enemy, and serving them in person as a guide*, into the interior yard of the cruz, where you were received and greeted by your accomplice, Lieut.-Colonel Jablonski?

How did it happen that you, Lopez, who by chance had been captured, could send off the likewise captured Jablonski, who again had with him his brother-in-law Legoretta, whose place was at that time in the line on the river, about two miles distant from the cruz, to give the Emperor warning that the enemy had entered the cruz?

How is it to be explained *that you, a prisoner*, then went *yourself* to the Emperor to make to him the same communication, and that you after that and without being accompanied by an enemy, came *alone* into my room, calling out,

"Quick! save the life of the Emperor; the enemy is already in the cruz?"

How can you explain the following:—When his Majesty, accompanied by the faithful General Castillo and myself, left the cruz, and was already surrounded by the enemy, you whispered some words to a higher officer of the enemy, whose name I give here,* because he acted more nobly and more *gratefully* than you, on which this officer of the enemy ordered his soldiers to let us pass *because we were citizens*, though the general ought to have been well-known *by this* officer, as both General Castillo and myself were in full uniform, and I, moreover, had in my hand the pistols of his Majesty?

How is it to be explained that you, at the head of the battalion Nuevo Leon of the enemy, disarmed and caused the hussars, under command of Captain Pawlowsky and First Lieutenant Koehlich, to dismount?

How can you justify yourself that *you*, the prisoner Lopez, captured *officers of our army*,—among them Major Moscowiecki, Captain Antonio Gonzales, of the body-guard, and Lieutenant Gossmann,—and, moreover, denounced many other officers next day?

How is it to be explained that after our capture higher Liberal officers *named you as the*

* Colonel Pepi Rincon.

traitor? One of them, Colonel Pepi Rincon, denounced you as the traitor, even in the presence of the Emperor and myself, adding, "Such people (like you) are made use of and then dismissed with a kick."

How did it happen that you, the prisoner Lopez, were *always* free?

How was it, finally, possible that the prisoner Lopez could take possession of the Imperial archives, as of other things belonging to his Majesty, as, for instance, his silver toilet, which, by the way be it mentioned, never afterwards made its appearance?

All this you *cannot* answer *honestly* and *openly*, and I declare before the whole world that YOU were the betrayer of the Emperor, and therefore his *murderer*, and the cause of all the blood which was shed here.

There remains still another question to address to you:—

Why, then, have you betrayed your Emperor and benefactor?

This question I will, however, answer myself:—

First, you would revenge yourself against the Emperor because he retained your general's commission, which was already signed. If you should not know what induced the late monarch to do so, you may learn it now.

A brave man,* whose blood also stains your conscience; and whom I will not name, lest you should take revenge upon his family, submitted to his Majesty a document, in which you, under the presidency of Santa Anna, were cashiered disgracefully by an army order, with the addition that you should never again be employed in the service of the country, *against which you had committed treason.* That occurred in the time of the American war, in 1847.

And then, M. Miguel Lopez, you have been urged by *fear.* You became aware that decisive actions must take place within the following days, and during a sortie of our army, and, looking back on your past, you were afraid of your fate—you feared for your life; and by that second basest treason you would exonerate and save yourself, and really succeeded in saving your life and liberty.

Your third attempt at treason did, however, not succeed; for after the Emperor had been a prisoner a short time, you, probably disappointed in your expectations, sent a person whom we know both to the Emperor, and offered to betray the Liberal party!

That person spoke in my presence in your behalf, and tried whether you might again venture to approach the Emperor.

* Miramon.

Your proposition was of course refused with contempt.

You need not offer the house with which the Emperor presented you, as a reward for us if we convict you of your treason. May it remain to you and your innocent child, whom you have robbed of the most precious of all heritages—the honour of his father.

A man may follow any party, of what tendency it may be; but he must remain *true* to his principles. You were not only *faithless* to yours, but you have besides committed the most infamous of all crimes, the crime of *treason*, and have broken the oath sworn to the Imperial flag.

It is true, the name of Miguel Lopez has become historical and immortal; but the history of Mexico—universal history—will always mention that name with disgust and contempt.

You challenge before the whole world those who accuse you of treason: I do so; and before the whole world I accept your challenge. I have sufficient confidence in the government to hope that it will not place any impediment in our way.

In a very short time I shall go with my imprisoned comrades to Oaxaca, our new place of destination. There you will find me, after publication of this letter, ready, with arms in my

hand, to call you to account for that of which I informed you in the above lines.

At the same time I declare that I, under no circumstances, will engage in a pen war with you.

In prison, Convent de los Capuchinos
Querètaro, October 4, 1867.

FELIX, PRINCE DE SALM-SALM,
Brigadier-General, and First Aide-de-camp of his late Majesty Emperor Maximilian.

APPENDIX.

APPENDIX.

I RECEIVED the following documents only when this work was already in the hands of the printers; but I thought it convenient and proper to publish them at the end of it, as they not only serve for the explanation and corroboration of many facts stated in it, but because they are interesting and important in themselves.

SALM.

1.

Officers and Volunteers of the Austrian-Belgian Corps.

I remember with the greatest satisfaction the services which you rendered to my government with constant fidelity. By your glorious deeds, which will remain unforgotten by me, you did honour to the arms of your country on Mexican soil; and with the greatest satisfaction

I acknowledge the genuine military dignity and honour by which you have won for yourselves the esteem of all Mexicans.

Expressing to you my best thanks for your useful and honourable services, I inform you that the government have resolved upon the dissolution of the Austrian-Belgian Corps in its quality as a military body, apart from the national army.

Though each of you has bound himself to serve the government for six years, it is not my will to submit you to any compulsion, and I am willing to release all those from their oath, who should wish to return to their country under these circumstances.

In reference to this I have resolved, with the concurrence of my ministers, that—

1. All the commissioned and non-commissioned officers of the Austrian-Belgian corps have to declare freely whether they will return to their country, or enter into the national army.

2. All those, with the exception of colonels, who enter the national army, will be promoted one step, viz., lieut.-colonels will become colonels, majors lieut.-colonels, and so on.

These arrangements are the same for the non-commissioned officers, to commence with the sergeants, or corresponding places in cavalry

and artillery, only that on their promotion they will have to prove that they possess the required degree of education.

All soldiers of the national army can and must be animated by the same spirit, and all therefore declare of course on entering, that they renounce the exceptional position they held as a foreign body of troops, and therefore, as Mexicans, they will enjoy all the rights of these, and will make themselves acquainted with the character and the habits of the military body to which they will belong from thenceforward.

3. All those commissioned officers, non-commissioned officers, and volunteers of the Belgian corps, after six years of service, the time including which they have already served my government, will receive land for colonization according to the made agreements and the military rank they will then hold.

4. All those officers, non-commissioned officers, and volunteers who declare that they prefer to return to their country, will be transported to Europe at the expense of the government, and be discharged there conveniently.

5. As regards the invalid officers, non-commissioned officers, and volunteers of the Austrian-Belgian corps, they will be provided

according to their respective rank. Your commanders will inform you in the name of the government, of the details of the arrangements made. MAXIMILIAN.

ORIZABA, *December 6th*, 1866.

2.

To the Corps of Officers.

PUEBLA, *5th January*, 1867.

The letter, No. 4, of 2nd inst., of the I. R. Austrian Legation to the commander of the corps, is to be communicated in extract to all the officers.

The commander of the corps expects from the good sense and tact of the officers that they will inform the soldiers in an appropriate manner, and understand how too prevent any impropriety in reference to the enlistment for Mexican corps.

The commanders of sub-divisions have also to desist from exerting any undue influence in order to prevent their men from entering the I. Mexican national army.

No. 4.

To the Commander of the Corps of Austrian Volunteers.

MEJICO, *2nd January*, 1867.

I have been informed that in order to induce Austrian volunteers to enter the Mexican

national army, they have been made drunk in order to get their consent while in that state.

It is said that for this purpose six reals, "Trink geld" (drinking money), are given to each man.

I beg to draw the attention of the corps-command to this proceeding, and to request its discontinuance.

At the same time, I declare all soldiers of the dissolved corps of volunteers, who have been in this manner, as it were, *pressed* to consent to this change, *free*, and loosened from their engagement to serve in the Mexican army, *in each case in which the above-mentioned facts can be proved.*

I declare the corps-command responsible towards the I. R. Austrian Government for any members of the corps that have been decoyed in this manner, or should be enrolled in any Mexican corps against their will.

At the same time, I request the corps-command to have the object of this my letter investigated, and to inform me at once of the result, and the measures taken, that I may be able to protest against such an abuse in the most energetic manner, in the diplomatic way.

I avail myself of this opportunity most strongly to urge the corps-command to explain, in the most explicit manner, to those soldiers

who are intended to be won over for the Mexican service, about the state of things in this country, and what is to be expected *in future*, and about the dangers by which they are threatened, in case of an eventual change in reference to the government.

I also request the corps-command most urgently to point out to the soldiers how *very imperfectly the promises have been kept which were made them before, and to caution them not to believe implicitly in future promises, however tempting they may appear.*

The I. R. *chargé d'affaires*,

BARON DE LAGO.

On behalf of the command of the Austrian corps of volunteers. POLAK.

3.

We, the undersigned officers of the Imperial Mexican gendarmes, testify: When, at the commencement of this year, the Austrian corps was dissolved, and his Majesty the Emperor had the grace to permit the Europeans of other troops—for instance, the Imperial gendarmes—to return also to their country, the I. R. Austrian *chargé d'affaires*, Baron Lago, did all in his power to prevent the Austrians in the before-named corps from entering into the Imperial service.

That gentleman was not satisfied with a simple warning, but soldiers who had already made up their mind to remain faithful to the flag they had sworn to, were prevented from carrying out their intention, by his haranguing them frequently, and representing to them the personal dangers which they would have to encounter if they should remain with their hard-pressed employer.

After the departure of the French army, Baron Lago sent these gendarmes to Vera Cruz, without taking the least care for their safety, and after the Imperial government had discharged its monetary obligations towards them in the most liberal manner. The consequence of this manner of acting was, not only that H. M. the Emperor was deprived of the services of these gendarmes, but also that they, on their way, were attacked by guerilla chiefs of the enemy, robbed, and pressed into the service of the enemies of the Imperial government, partly under the saddest circumstances, by want, misery, and ill-treatment, and some miserably perished by forced work in the mines.

Mondan, capt. adj.-major; Von Kempsky, F. lieutenant; Herzmansky, lieutenant; Parlsen, captain; Hofmann, F. lieutenant; Stephen von Gyurkovich, lieutenant; Kleindienst, lieutenant.

PUEBLA, 22*nd July*, 1867.

4.

PROMEMORIA.

The undersigned officer-corps, of Austrian nationality, feel in duty bound to represent in the following statement the conduct of the I. R. *chargé d'affaires* in Mexico, Baron Lago, in order that their depositions may be made use of with the proper authority.

The reasons which cause us to do so must be the graver, as such a representation goes very much against our character; but the sacred memory of his late Majesty Emperor Maximilian, our deep affection and veneration for the illustrious Imperial house of Austria, and the honour of Austria, require this as a duty.

1. Baron Lago had the boldness to make use, on different occasions, and in different places, of such disrespectful expressions about his Majesty Emperor Maximilian, that Baron Magnus was once compelled to reprimand him for it.

Baron Lago's open malevolence towards H. M. and his government showed itself when the corps of Austrian volunteers was dissolved, and its members, notwithstanding that their oath had been dispensed with, would have wished to assemble around the person of the brother of their sovereign, at a moment when it was

important to increase the personal security of the Emperor. In a note directed to the commander of the corps and soldiers, Baron Lago alienated them from the cause and person of the Emperor. In what estimation Baron Lago, however, was held by H. M. himself is well known by Counsellor of State Herzfeld, and Colonels von Kodolich and Schaffer.

2. Though the undersigned do not pretend to be in the possession of sufficient diplomatic knowledge to judge Baron Lago as a diplomate, their ideas about honour and duty urge them to assert, *that Baron Lago did not represent, in a worthy manner, the honour of Austria;* for he, as a coward, gave up the Hotel of Legation, concealed the arms of Austria, refused the deposition of Imperial property in his house, and that lastly, when Austrians required assistance, they rather preferred to apply to *the Prussian minister* than to him.

3. Baron Lago has acted without tact, and in a hostile manner towards the remaining Austrians, and by his address to the column of those who re-entered service (Capitulanten Colonne,) and by his escape from Mexico, he showed sufficiently how he, sacrificing unconscionably the welfare of so many hundreds of Austrians to his private hatred, had not the least idea of honour and duty. He left the

column to its fate, and *foreigners*, showing more sympathy, maintained these brave soldiers.

Feeling hurt, by such behaviour of Baron Lago, in their honour as Austrians, and the honour of Austria always being dear to them, the undersigned corps of officers think that they act only in accordance with their duty, by giving a short statement of these facts, for the truth and correctness of which *they will be solidarily responsible* whatever use the Austrian government might make of this *exposé*, and declare it their duty to give any desired verbal or written explanations.

Baron Lago abused our confidence, especially when he, soon after the reception of an address, in which we, both in order to increase his dignity, and to give him a right idea of his duties and more energy, thanked him in advance, for his merits; but he ran off from Mexico, and left all in the lurch.

CANADA, *July 29th*, 1867.

The Officers of the Column—

Graf., lieut.-col. Berger, major; Fd. Mascheck, major; Count Wickenburg, colonel; F. Klitzing, major; Fd. Gerloni, major; Ed. Poescheck, captain; Count Zichy, capt.; von Kempsky, F. lieut.; Baron Stillfried, lieut.; Mondan, captain; Kalmucky, captain: Fred.

See, captain; Theod. Bocksay, captain; Rudolph Wanck, captain; Aug. Stiefmayer, lieut.; Aug. Landwewr, F. lieut.; Huber, lieut.; Varjasy, captain; Edward von Schauer, major; Stephen Pekec, major; Vicomte de Equevillez, major; Masai, captain; Paulsen, captain; Molnar, F. lieut.; Baron Cordon, captain; Bar. Gerlach, lieut.; Hammer, captain; Theod. Schoklizh, captain; Kallay, lieut.; Breger, lieut.; Julius de Coray, lieut.; Hugo Schlauch, lieut.; Jul. Prueger, lieut.; Count Wadzicki, captain.

THE BATTLE OF ST. LORENZO

AND

THE SIEGE OF MEXICO.

BY AN EYE-WITNESS.

THE BATTLE OF ST. LORENZO.

The respective position of the Imperial and Liberal party in Mexico, after the departure of the French army was as follows:—

The Liberal army, following in the wake of the French army, had occupied almost the whole country.

General Porfirio Diaz was at Oajaca, and his troops overran the country, from Cordoba to the gates of Mexico, with the exception of Puebla.

General Regules occupied the whole state of Michoacan, with the exception of Morelia.

General Corona was master of Guadalajara, and of the whole of Talisco.

General Riva Palacio occupied Toluca.

General Escobedo was in San Luis Potosi, and covered all the Northern states.

The army of all these generals consisted altogether of thirty thousand men only; but as recruiting is done in Mexico with great facility, this army might be doubled in a very short time, and the more easily, as the spirit in this

army was extremely good. They had been made to believe that they had chased the French army before them! Now, if they could conquer in such a manner the French soldiers, who had the reputation of being the best troops in the world, it was very natural that they should imagine they could easily annihilate the little Imperial army. This confidence of the Liberal army was very prejudicial to the cause of the Emperor.

The Imperial army was in possession of Vera Cruz, with five hundred men; Puebla, with two thousand five hundred; Mexico, five thousand; Morelia, three thousand; and Querétaro, with two thousand men: together, thirteen thousand men only, from the sea to the Sierra Gorda.

Whilst the Liberal army was full of enthusiasm, the party of the Emperor was despondent. Maximilian had anticipated this, and before the French army had left Mexico, he prepared an expedition in order to commence hostilities, and to surprise the enemy, who fully expected nothing less. By success, the spirit of the Imperial army could only be restored, and General Miramon was the only man to whom such an adventure could be confided, with any chance of success.

Miramon had been President of the Mexi-

can Republic, at an age when other young men commence life; he had astonished his countrymen by deeds, which were wonderful, even in a country like Mexico, where the impossible seems alone to succeed. He was, therefore, considered to be the corner-stone of the Conservative party.

Don Miguel Miramon left Mexico, with an escort only, arrived in Querétaro with a company, and marched with a regiment against Zacatecas, which he perfectly surprised, and from whence Juarez escaped with his usual speed.

Miramon, leaving Mexico without an army and guns—even without money, had marched one hundred and sixty leagues, was victorious in ten engagements, occupied Guanajuato, Leon, and Zacatecas, and compelled the far-famed President of the Republic, Juarez, to fly before him. All this was done when the French army was still on Mexican soil, and when, according to certain publications, the whole nation was against the monarchy.

The effect of this brilliant affair was very beneficial, and the possibility of its success gave confidence to the Imperial party, which was not shaken by the disaster at San Jacinto, where Miramon lost the greatest part of the advantages he had won, because he was too far

in advance of the generals, Mejia, Mendez, and Marquez, who were to follow him.

It was true that the Emperor had lost the assistance of France—that its treasury was closed for Maximilian; but the French agents, with their demands, had also left. It was true, that three-quarters of the Empire were lost, but Miramon's success had proved that the loss might be recovered. It was true, that the army of the Empire had lost twenty thousand Frenchmen, but they had been tired out, and were demoralized; and there still remained to the Emperor one thousand men of European troops, loyal and brave, and by no means discouraged. Vera Cruz was still in the hands of the Imperialists, and the riches flowing thence would pay the war; Puebla, with its superabundance, was also in their possession, and so was Mexico, the capital of the Empire, which gave the government residing there the stamp of legitimacy. Why, therefore, should not the Empire conquer? In Europe this might be impossible, in Mexico it was not.

However, not a moment was to be lost. The enemy must be prevented from uniting their forces to march against Mexico; and the Emperor, well aware of the responsibility of his position, and too chivalrous to permit others alone to shed their blood in his cause, resolved

to act for himself. On 13th of February, 1867, the country heard with enthusiasm that Maximilian had placed himself at the head of two thousand men, and, taking General Marquez with him, as the chief of his general staff, had left for Querétaro.

He left in Mexico all the European troops, and, by doing so, proved himself to be both a good politician and a good general.

It may be that it was a dangerous game to surround himself with Mexican troops only, but his position was an exceptional one, requiring bold measures. By confiding his person and fate to Mexicans alone, he flattered the vanity of his people, and won their love.

It was not without regret that the Emperor left his best and most reliable troops in Mexico; but they had to secure his retreat in case of a disaster, and formed, under all circumstances, a most reliable reserve.

Querétaro, the place for which the Emperor marched, was by no means a fortified place, and very badly situated for defence, as it is commanded by the hills surrounding it within gunshot; but, in another respect, it was of great importance. It is the key to the valley of Mexico, and an army advancing against that city from the north could not leave Querétaro in its rear. This latter city is close to the

Sierra Gorda, where Mejia was worshipped by the Indian population; it was only a few days' march distant from Morelia, from whence General Mendez was expected, as he had received orders to join with his veteran troops the army of the Emperor, and then Miramon was also in Querétaro, to which place he retired after the disaster of San Jacinto.

Querétaro had been always very loyal to the cause of the Emperor, who expected to assemble here an army of eight thousand men, who were to be increased by four thousand Indians from the Sierra Gorda.

It is not our intention to give the details of the siege of Querétaro, but only to sketch the respective position of the Imperialists and Liberals, and to show that the Empire was not so utterly without resources.

The month of February passed without any important event. The Liberal troops advanced against Querétaro, where they had their rendezvous. Porfirio Diaz had left Oajaca, and advanced, in short day marches, against Puebla; some guerilla parties roamed in the valley of Mexico without coming too closely to the city, without doubt kept in awe by the Austrian cavalry there.

These poor Austrian cavalry, and the infantry also, were very sorry that they had to

remain in Mexico, notwithstanding the importance of their mission. They longed for active service, and all their wishes were directed towards Querétaro, and they hoped that the Emperor might soon call for them.

Porfirio Diaz had arrived in the valley of Mexico, and the city was encircled by numerous corps. Sorties were made, but they were no great pleasure for the Austrian cavalry, as the enemy did not resist, and fled whenever they made their appearance.

All reports that came from Querétaro were listened to with great eagerness; but for a time nothing of importance transpired. At last came the news that the Imperial army had had a complete success near Querétaro on March 14th, and the rejoicing was increased by the arrival of brilliant details, and the news that the Emperor was returning with a part of his army.

The most extravagant reports were circulating. It was said that the Imperial generals were pursuing, in all directions, the remainder of the disbanded Liberal army, and that Maximilian, taking with him his European troops, intended to clear the road to Vera Cruz. These reports seemed to be confirmed by the circumstance that the troops who had infested the valley of Mexico had disappeared, and it was generally believed that Porfirio Diaz, not

daring to wait for the Emperor, had retired to Oajaca.

At last, on March 24th, it became known that it was not the Emperor himself who approached, but General Marquez, and next day, March 25th, he entered at the head of the cavalry brigade of Colonel Quiroga, about nine hundred strong.

His arrival strengthened the belief in the success of the Imperial arms in Querétaro. If all was not well there, the Emperor would not have sent away one of his most distinguished generals with a force, and this small force would not have been able to march from Querétaro to Mexico, if there was still a Liberal army existing strong enough to oppose them.

All doubts were cast to the winds, and the friends of the empire were rampant; the throne of Mexico seemed to be secured, and if there had been an exchange in Mexico, the funds would have risen considerably.

General Marquez came invested with the title of lieutenant-general of the empire, and had the most ample powers; the cabinet was remodelled, and two energetic men entered it: Irribarren, as secretary of the interior, and General Vidaurri, as secretary of the treasury and war, with the presidency in the council.

A new life seemed to arise in all affairs.

A tax of one per cent. of all capital was raised, the troops were clothed and armed, which they needed much, and on March 30th Marquez left Mexico at the head of an army of four thousand men.

When Porfirio Diaz evacuated the valley of Mexico, we were mistaken about his reasons. It was not fear that drove him away: he besieged Puebla. Therefore, as nothing was known for certain about the plans of the lieutenant-general, it was supposed that he marched to the relief of that city.

The little army that left Mexico was admirable. The infantry consisted of two brigades, together of two thousand men, amongst which was to be noticed the 18th regiment, of whom two-thirds were Austrians, the balance Mexicans, commanded by Lieut.-Colonel Hammerstein.

The cavalry was composed of the brigade Quiròga, an excellent troop, and much devoted to their commander; of the regiment of hussars commanded by Colonel Khevenhueller; of the gendarmes, under Colonel Wickenburg, and a regiment of chasseurs à cheval.

The artillery consisted of eighteen guns.

There were no better troops in all Mexico, and nobody doubted their success.

There are two roads leading from Mexico to Puebla. The one is twenty-nine leagues; it is

the shorter way, but it runs over the mountains of Riofrio, where the Liberals might have taken up a position easily to be defended, and where the cavalry, the principal arm of the Imperials, would have been as good as useless.

The second road is longer; but it runs across the plain of Apam, where cavalry could be used with the greatest advantage. Therefore it was resolved to march in the direction of the Llanos of Apam.

The army passed the night of the 30th at Cristobal; the impediments which the enemy had placed in the way were easily overcome. The 31st of March the army was in Otumba, and on the 1st of April halt was made in San Lorenzo.

The march was very slow; but it was supposed that Marquez acted in concert with the troops in Puebla, and must know what he was about. It might be that the whole march on Puebla was only a feint, to mask a sudden movement in the direction of Querétaro.

On the 2nd of April the army was in Zoltepec, and on their march they met different bands of Liberals, who went aside, probably not to be crushed! On the 3rd the Imperialists arrived in Guadalupe, where they remained on the 4th; and on the 5th they were in the hacienda San Diego el Notario.

On the 6th of April the army had nearly reached Huamantla, and the hussars, who formed the advanced guard, had already reached that halting place, when the body of the column was attacked by the advanced guard of the army of Porfirio Diaz. They were received by a well-directed fire of our artillery and infantry, and repulsed in disorder. The hussars, who returned immediately, came too late to take part in the fight. The army halted in Atochapuc.

About three o'clock p.m. the whole cavalry of the Liberals, nearly six thousand men, made their appearance. The hussars, led by Colonel von Kodolich, who at last had obtained from Marquez permission to do so, made a successful attack, overthrew the first line of the enemy, and pressed them into a ravine, where they were cut down. Marquez unfortunately did not support this movement, and the Liberal cavalry thus escaped a total defeat.

But this success was more than counter-balanced by the bad news from Puebla, which had fallen on the 2nd of April, and the forts near it followed on the 4th.

Much precious time had been lost. If the army had advanced more rapidly, at least the forts Guadalupe and Loretto, if not Puebla itself, would have been saved, for the forts commanded that city.

Now the whole army of Porfirio Diaz, intoxicated by their success, was upon us, and the bands who surrounded us, and who had kept until now at a respectful distance, grew bolder and bolder.

Marquez, whose only aim now was to reach Mexico before Porfirio Diaz, commanded the retreat on the same road by which we had marched.

We arrived on the 7th in Guadalupe without having encountered the enemy, who probably had to transport his numerous wounded to Puebla, and required time to recover from the severe punishment he had received the day before.

Marching towards San Lorenzo on the 8th, we met, about noon, the Liberals under General Lalanne, who had collected some bands, and tried by his attack in front to detain our columns until Porfirio Diaz could come up with us and attack our rear-guard. Lalanne had about one thousand men, infantry and cavalry; but Colonel Kodolich, at the head of the gendarmes and the chasseurs à cheval, overthrew them and made three hundred prisoners, after which the column continued its march, and arrived in San Lorenzo about two o'clock. The march might have been continued; but General Marquez preferred taking up a position.

The hacienda of San Lorenzo is situated at

the end of a very extended plain where two roads meet, both leading to Mexico; that to the left, passing San Cristobal, was that by which we had already marched, and that to the right over Texcoco, which was extremely bad, and leading through very rugged ground.

In front of the hacienda extended a plain, very favourable for the movements of cavalry, and behind the hacienda runs, about a gunshot distant from it, a chain of rather low hills.

General Marquez had given the command over the whole cavalry to Colonel Kodolich, who proposed to occupy the above-mentioned hills by infantry, to place the cavalry in the plains, and to attack the enemy and to throw them back on their left wing into the mountains.

The enemy appeared about four o'clock, and commenced a rather lively skirmish supported by artillery, which was continued until dark without any serious engagement ensuing.

Next morning, at dawn, it was discovered that the whole Liberal army had been marched up in line of battle, but in the desire to cut off the retreat to Mexico on both roads, Porfirio Diaz had extended this line too much, and by this its centre was weakened so much that a single attack would have divided his army in two halves.

However, Marquez would not hear of such

an attack, and had even neglected to follow the advice given by Colonel Kodolich to occupy the hills behind the hacienda. The enemy profited by this negligence; two of their guns were placed there, and though they did not do much real harm, they did sufficient to produce a certain uneasiness amongst our troops.

At last, towards evening, Marquez resolved to continue his march on Mexico. About one league and a half from San Lorenzo, on the road passing over San Cristobal, is a rather deep ravine. As it was to be apprehended that the enemy might destroy the bridge leading over it, the general sent the hussars and gendarmes, under the command of Colonel de Wickenburg, to secure the approaches to this bridge if it still existed.

The night was a dark one. Arrived at the ravine, Colonel von Wickenburg plunged into it, and with him the first company of the hussars, under Captain Kulmer. The bridge was gone, and the road occupied by the enemy. The purpose of the expedition could not therefore be accomplished, and the rest of the cavalry, under the command of Colonel Khevenhueller, wheeled to the right, and urged by necessity, left Colonel von Wickenburg and his handful of men, surrounded by more than fifteen hundred Liberals.

This little troop did not lose their courage;

they succeeded in climbing the opposite slope of the ravine, and protected by the darkness of the night, they cut their way right through the enemy, and arrived at last in Mexico, after they had passed a great part of the lake of Texcoco, swimming.

Marquez had no other choice; he had to take the road over Texcoco, and did so at three o'clock next morning.

As the enemy had supposed we should march over San Cristobal, they had disposed their forces accordingly, and we were therefore not molested at the commencement of our march, but at about five o'clock, at the entrance in the Sierra, the advanced guard of the Liberals appeared in front of our column.

The order in which we marched was as follows:—At the head marched the 1st brigade of infantry, including the regiment Hammerstein, in the centre was all the cavalry, followed by the 2nd brigade of infantry, whilst a hundred horse of Quiroga formed the rear-guard.

About six o'clock the column, marching all the time through dreadful defiles, arrived at a very narrow ravine four hundred feet deep. The bridge usually leading over it had been broken up by one of those bands who dared not approach us on our march against Puebla, but who hovered now around our retreating army.

Of the beams of the bridge there remained only three, on that to the left the infantry crossed the ravine; the two others were used by the cavalry, who led their horses by the bridle over this dangerous way, but the artillery and train could not pass. There was no time left to devise means; we were in a real den of murderers, and the enemy appeared on all the hills around us. There was nothing left then but to throw the guns and ammunition into the abyss.

The advanced brigade had already passed, and also the gendarmes and chasseurs à cheval, when a dreadful explosion was heard, which shook the remainder of the bridge. The horses became frightened, turned round, and ran away, throwing the brigade following into disorder.

A shell, probably exploding by falling on a rock, had in some way or other fired some of the ammunition caissons. The ravine was fortunately very deep, and no harm could be done, but the Mexican infantry that formed the 2nd brigade, was seized with a panic, threw away their arms, and ran away as fast as they could. The 10th battalion disappeared altogether.

In consequence of this the cavalry was now in the rear of the column. Meanwhile the hussars had passed the dangerous bridge in the best order, and sufficient time to form was left

us, as the enemy had also been detained by the same impediment. At last they, also, conquered it, had again formed and followed us in hot haste, imagining that they were pursuing a discouraged and blindly flying troop, and attacked us. However, Colonel Khevenhueller did not wait for the shock; he turned round as soon as he became aware of the intention of the enemy, and his hussars rushed upon them, who were thrown into disorder, and suffered considerable loss.

In this brilliant attack, the sharpshooters of Quiroga behaved admirably, and contributed much to the success. The Austrian Captain Thom received a sabre wound on his head, and a shot in his hips, but notwithstanding these two wounds he remained all day in the saddle, and at the head of his company.

Colonel Kodolich went then to the head of the column, and requested General Marquez to give him the 18th regiment of infantry, that they might protect the march of the cavalry, who were hindered at each step by the ruggedness of the ground; Marquez consented, and now all foreign troops were in the rear of the column, and had to bear all the attacks of the enemy, while Marquez never left his safer place at the head.

Colonel Kodolich sent him a request to halt

at the most favourable place, and to take such a position that the men might rest, the horses take breath, and the enemy be stopped in their pursuit. This rest was very much required, for the whole day had been passed in fighting, though the enemy, warned by previous experience, did not dare to make any decisive attack. They were satisfied with firing from the heights, by which they did a great deal of damage. As frequently as the ground would permit it, Colonel Kodolich attacked and chased them each time to a considerable distance. There occurred not less than ten such attacks, all brilliant and successful.

We waited in vain for Marquez to halt and take up a position, were it only for five minutes. Colonel Kodolich repeated his request several times, for the rear-guard was quite exhausted; in vain! Marquez marched on, and changed an admirable retreat into a flight by his personal hurry. At last, about two o'clock in the afternoon, he threw off all feeling of shame, and left his army, riding at a gallop along the road to Mexico, followed by his whole staff.

The rear-guard arrived in Texcoco about six o'clock p.m. They had been fighting since five o'clock a.m. Texcoco offered an excellent position, and everybody expected to find here the vanguard with its general. No! Texcoco was

empty, and the march had to be continued, scarcely time enough was left to water the horses.

This short rest gave the enemy time to come up with the rear-guard. The heads of their columns appeared at the entrances of the streets, and some of the inhabitants fired from the windows and the azoteas on the Imperialists.

At eight o'clock p.m. we passed a rather deep brook. The opposite bank was overgrown with brushwood, and a battalion under the Austrian Captain Buksay, and two companies of horse were left there in ambush. These troops permitted the enemy to approach quite close, and when they were well enveloped they rushed quite unexpectedly upon both their flanks, and caused them great loss. Partly in consequence of this attack, partly on account of the darkness of the night, the pursuit was then given up.

We were still ten leagues from Mexico. The troops had now marched seventeen hours, and fought fifteen, and were utterly exhausted, but they did not think of themselves; only one idea animated these heroes. The Emperor had confided to them the guardianship of Mexico, and there they must be before the enemy could reach it. The march was continued. We will not describe the suffering of that dreadful night. At last, on the following morning at eight

o'clock, the troops arrived at the Garita of Mexico. Marquez had arrived there the night before at eleven o'clock, and had spread about the rumour of the utter destruction of his army. It circulated like a running fire everywhere, and caused great consternation. But how great was the astonishment of the inhabitants when they saw the European troops form in the best order on the Place d'Armes, their ranks thinned, it is true, but their heads erect and their good blades dyed with the blood of their enemies. The hussars marched past the palace to their quarters, and entered them with a cheer for the Emperor.

THE SIEGE OF MEXICO.

The brilliant prospects of the empire had changed very much in a few days. Thousands of fatal reports were circulated in the city. It was said that Puebla had been sold by General Noriega, even the sum paid down was named. Treason was suspected everywhere.

Marquez, though known as a bloody tyrant, had always enjoyed the reputation of being an able man, and of undoubted courage; but the lion skin had been torn off from him, and the world became aware that he was unskilful, and worse than a coward.

The Liberal army was expected to appear the same day; but no serious preparations were made to resist them. The Mexican infantry was annihilated, and the few which remained of it were of no consequence; they were troops of the Leva, scarcely armed and unreliable. Mexico was at the mercy of the enemy, and with it must fall Querétaro and the empire! Discouragement was general.

It was said, that the European troops refused

to serve any longer under the command of Mexican generals, and the report was well founded. These brave soldiers were disgusted with the chiefs who had cowardly forsaken them. They alone had checked the advance of the whole army of Porfirio Diaz, which, including the bands that protected the valley of Mexico, amounted to eighteen thousand men. Without their heroic behaviour on that admirable retreat the enemy would have advanced into the very heart of the capital. They had been engaged in twenty actions, and as frequently victorious; yes, they had to reach Mexico like fugitives, and felt in the middle of those Mexican troops and Mexican generals (who ran away at the first shot), forsaken and sacrificed. No wonder that they became despondent.

Fortunately they were commanded by brave men, whose honour did not permit them to parley with duty. The Colonels Kodolich, Bertrand, Wickenburg, Khevenhueller, and Hammerstein, as also the rest of the officers, gave their troops to understand that it was in the end of no importance whether this or that general had shown himself either brave or weak; nay, they went even so far as to excuse Marquez; they represented to their soldiers that he had been right in starting in advance of them backwards; he was lieut.-general of the

Empire, and was obliged to hurry back to Mexico to make good his losses. Moreover, the Emperor had charged his European troops with the defence of his capital; it had to be defended; the Emperor was fighting in Querétaro, they must fight in Mexico to preserve that city, as a last resource in case of an accident.

The language of honour soon finds an echo in the hearts of brave men; the foreign troops resumed their duty, or rather, they continued doing so, for they had never abandoned it.

The members of the cabinet held a council, but they could not agree, and Vidaurri resigned. Marquez remained invisible, as it seemed to be his habit in difficult positions.

The behaviour of the European troops inspired the generals with some confidence. General Tabera issued a proclamation in which the report was contradicted that it was intended to give up the city; this question, however, had been discussed in the council of the ministers.

On the 13th of April Guadalupe and Chapultepec were given up. This was a great mistake, for by doing so, the army shut itself up in Mexico, and gave the enemy excellent points of support for the blockade; commanding points which might easily have been defended. Fear was the reason for doing this.

Porfirio arrived on the 14th before the city

and took up his headquarters at Chapultepec. He had been compelled to stop on his way onwards to repair the immense losses sustained in the pursuit, but the Imperial generals lost four precious days, which might have been employed to great advantage. Porfirio Diaz therefore flattered himself with the hope of taking the city, though defended by Europeans.

Those four days would have been sufficient to provide the city with provisions, for in Tacubaya and its environs were stored immense quantities of grain, and around Mexico were numerous herds of cattle. Nothing of the kind was done, for the last events had filled all hearts with consternation.

Thanks to this want of energy the enemy continued quietly to complete the blockade, and surrounded the capital with a line of fortifications which became every day more formidable. The roads were cut off, and the railroad from Puebla incessantly carried immense material for the siege. The besieged saw all this, but they did not stir, and Porfirio might have believed that they were besieging the castle of the sleeping beauty.

The Austrian colonels made representations to Marquez, and told him that it was usual to call a council for the defence, to whom all plans and resources ought to be communicated.

They requested him to institute such a council. Marquez refused; he said, that he had unlimited power from the Emperor; that he alone was responsible for the defence of Mexico, and was sure of bringing it to a honourable issue.

Surrounded by inability, perhaps by treason, these brave men were refused the right of having a voice in the cause for which they were to shed their blood. They had to submit and wait for the bullet which should finish their life; for they had sworn obedience to the Emperor, and the Emperor had made Marquez his lieut.-general! Repelled in this manner Colonel Kodolich made a last effort. He had reconnoitred from the tower of the cathedral the position of the enemy, and formed a plan for a sortie which was declared to be admirable by all officers who had any knowledge of it. In consequence of this plan the cavalry would have been led in the dawn of the morning right into the middle of the Liberal infantry and have taken the fortifications from behind, and would perhaps have succeeded in destroying the locomotives and waggons which were assembled in Guadalupe; but Marquez could not come to a decision, and the plan was not executed.

The enclosure of the place made progress, whilst reinforcements came to the enemy from all parts, and fortifications rose above the

ground; whilst the locomotives brought every day plenty of guns from Puebla, Porfirio Diaz reflected about his position and how to proceed best. He seemed to be the favourite of Fortune, and considered himself to be the principal personage of his party. He had taken Oajaca and Puebla; he had beaten the redoubtable Marquez and his brilliant army; and was now besieging Mexico. Should he succeed in conquering it before the fall of Querétaro, his glory would cast that of any other man in Mexico into the shade.

Zaragoza had repulsed the French on May 5th, 1862; but he had been conquered at Orizaba, and the affair of Borrego had robbed his laurel crown of its best leaves; moreover Zaragoza was dead.

Ortega had defended Puebla in 1863 in a brilliant manner, but he had been beaten ignominiously at Majoma.

Corona and Regules could never forget that they had had to run in their shirt-tails before the French bayonets.

As to Escobedo he was detained already six weeks before Querétaro which resembled a rat-trap more than a fortress. He had sustained already several defeats, and there were no indications yet that he would soon conquer a city which was defended by the Emperor and the

best Mexican generals. He alone, Porfirio Diaz marched from triumph to triumph from one betrayed city to another.

But now he was standing before Mexico; no gate was here to be bought as in Puebla; at each little door stood a brave Austrian officer, and the Noriegas do not grow either on the banks of the Danube, or in the plains of Flanders, or in the fields of France. Numerous detachments of cavalry occupied all night the principal streets of Mexico, and Porfirio Diaz could not but confess to himself that it was impossible for him to take Mexico by force, as it was defended by one thousand foreigners.

This impediment had to be removed by every expedient. He tried therefore his luck with the Austrian colonels. They were told that all resistance was useless; that the Empire had been decidedly conquered; that humanity dictated that Mexico should not be exposed to the dreadful fate of a city taken by assault; that the Republic, magnanimous in its victory, offered to the foreign troops all imaginable advantages under the condition that they laid down their arms and delared themselves neutral; that Porfirio Diaz would make himself personally responsible for all the expenses of a journey to Vera Cruz, and a passage to Europe, etc.

The Austrian colonels did not give any

answer; their artillerymen and infantry continued to keep guard day and night on the ramparts, and the cavalry to patrol every night along the long streets of the capital, though the officers wore boots torn to pieces, and dined on a cup of chocolate, after having had for breakfast a cup of coffee, whilst the Mexican generals raised heavy taxes which they converted into gold. Nothing, however, was done beyond this, except in the treasury.

The report had been circulated that the city was provided with corn for eighteen months; a French paper had published this comfortable statistical fact when it was strikingly contradicted by another piece of news, —that the bakers had closed their shops, as they had nothing to bake with. At first it was believed to be a bad joke, and news spread by the Liberals in order to provoke demonstrations on the part of the inhabitants; but unfortunately it was only too true, and people had to be satisfied with tortillas.

Until then people had borne their fate tolerably well; in the end nothing was lost; some good news had arrived from Querétaro; it was known that the Imperial army was full of enthusiasm for their young sovereign, whose behaviour excited general admiration. Always fighting in the foremost ranks, he slept at night

under the starry canopy of heaven in the midst of his soldiers, visited the hospitals, if not, inspecting the fortifications, and treated every soldier with kindness. Thus Maximilian gave to the Mexicans an example of a noble heart, supporting with the most sublime self-sacrifice a cause already lost.

Hope was still alive in the hearts of the Imperialists in the early days of May. The unfortunate expedition of Marquez was judged less unfavourably after a time; it seemed to be one of those accidents which are very frequent in Mexico, and had, after all, shown that a handful of Europeans were superior to a whole crowd of Liberals. At a proper opportunity this handful of gallant men might give the besiegers a terrible lesson.

Unfortunately the famine increased. To the want of flour was now added that of meat. The European troops, little used to the customary food of the country, were starving. Badly fed even in the time of plenty, because badly paid, they were not fed at all now, when the value of the pay decreased in the proportion to the increase in the price of provisions. The soldiers had nothing or very little to eat, but this was not the worst of the evils, for after all a full stomach is sometimes rather troublesome to a soldier, but horses do not reason,

and unsupported by food, they hung their heads and became weak. The cavalry were, moreover, the only real effective troops in Mexico, and without horses, of course, no cavalry. No grain was to be had, but there was grass; but the grass grew outside, and to get it the cavalry had to fetch it from thence. Necessity urged them to make sorties, and little as Marquez liked them, he had to submit.

Now the predictions of Colonel Kodolich became true, for it now became necessary to do in the light of the day, and when the enemy was perfectly fortified, what had been neglected to be done when it was possible under favourable circumstances.

The first sortie took place on the 18th of May. The Imperial Mexican infantry ran away at the first shot. The cavalry dismounted, and took the ramparts of the enemy by assault, whilst Colonel Kodolich foraged in the surrounding territory. Loaded with rural spoils, the cavalry returned to the city, but every blade of grass cost a drop of blood.

There was on the 19th of May great rejoicing in the camp of the Liberals. The bells of Guadelupe were ringing, the guns were thundering, and in the evening there was a grand illumination.

Various reports were circulated in reference

to the reason of this. Some said Querétaro had been taken, and the Emperor was captured. Others asserted that Escobedo had arrived before Mexico, and some others that Porfirio Diaz had been declared president by his army; and others even believed that the besiegers celebrated as a success the sortie of yesterday.

Nobody believed the first report, but from that moment every hour brought more news; now that the Emperor was perfectly victorious; now that he had escaped with Mejia to the Sierra Gorda. In the morning, the Emperor was marching victoriously on Mexico, and in the evening he was said to be a prisoner.

News arrived at last that seemed to be of a more reliable character. The Emperor had written to Baron Magnus, the Prussian minister, and to the father of General Riva Palacio, and requested them to come to Querétaro to support him with their advice, and to defend him before the court which was to judge him. Some believed this, some did not. The Austrian chiefs suspected some ruse, and considered that Baron Magnus risked nothing in following a perhaps forged invitation, but that they must not easily believe in news that had been conveyed by the telegraph.

They therefore requested the Prussian minister, in case the Emperor should really be a

prisoner, to urge him to send an autograph letter, declaring whether it was his will to discontinue hostilities.

The famine still increased and became insupportable, and the position became every hour more painful. The Austrian colonels, exhausting their own means, sent one courier after another to Querétaro; but none returned, and no news arrived from Baron Magnus. If Marquez had any news he must have kept it secret, for nothing official was published.

The newsmongers pursued their trade to their hearts' content. We will give a few instances:—

Nine o'clock a.m.—Puebla has declared for the empire.

Ten o'clock.—Porfirio Diaz has suddenly set off by rail.

Eleven o'clock.—Half of the besieging army has left with Porfirio Diaz. Puebla is on the eve of being retaken.

Twelve o'clock.—Vicario has occupied Cuernavaca, and is appointing Imperial authorities. General Leva is marching against him.

One o'clock.—Riva Palacio has entered Toluca with the remainder of his division defeated before Querétaro.

We will not continue this enumeration. The worst effect of these lies was that they created

a doubt in respect to correct news, and that nobody knew what to expect from the future.

Porfirio Diaz now resumed his attempts with the Europeans. He insisted on their laying down their arms, and on their leaving it to the Mexicans to arrange their own quarrels—Imperials against Republicans, Conservatives against Liberals, Mochos against Chinacos.

We really now began to believe that Querétaro had fallen into the hands of the Liberals, but at the same time it was supposed that Maximilian had left that place with his whole army, and was on his march to Mexico. It was therefore more than ever necessary to defend the city until the last grain was eaten. If the Emperor were a prisoner, Baron Magnus would certainly have written, and Porfirio Diaz would certainly not have detained such a letter.

The merchants of Mexico sent a deputation to Colonel Kodolich. These gentlemen assured him that Querétaro was taken, and had been in the hands of the Liberals since the 15th of May; that the Emperor, together with his generals and army, were prisoners, and that it therefore was madness to resist any longer, as the whole Liberal army would be united against Mexico; that humanity required us to spare the city the horrors of an assault; that the behaviour of the foreign troops alone kept the city

within the bounds of duty, and the besieged at a respectful distance; but that, if the foreign troops would lay down their arms, the Imperial generals would be compelled to capitulate. Porfirio Diaz would prevent any excesses on the part of his soldiers, and the corporation of merchants would show their gratitude by providing for the return of the foreign troops to their respective countries.

Colonel Kodolich replied, the Emperor had left his countrymen in Mexico, because he could rely on their honour; he had deprived himself of his best troops and his most devoted and most beloved officers, in order to reserve for himself a secure basis of operations. To give up Mexico now, when it was not proved that the Emperor was a prisoner, would be a fault; it would be worse than a fault, it would be cowardice, nay, treason; but as blind stubbornness might have fatal consequences for innocent people, he was ready to lay down arms if he had unquestionable certainty with regard to the Emperor; but that, under such momentous circumstances, a mere letter of one private person to another private person could not be considered as evidence of a fact; a document of undoubted authenticity must be presented, which should place the last defenders of the Emperor beyond all calumny. The whole world would

judge their behaviour with severity, and therefore they could not possibly capitulate without an autograph order from their sovereign.

Colonel Kodolich added that he sincerely regretted the position in which the population of Mexico found itself, but that he would continue the defence in spite of everything and every one. As to taking the city by assault, it had not yet come to that; and as to the famine, he said, we are determined to keep the place even if each rat should cost a piastre.

There was no question about saving their military honour, for none of them doubted that it would be kept without stain under any circumstances. Nor was it a question about dying as a soldier, but it was of importance to die true to their pledged word.

Covered with rags, starvation staring them in the face, and worn out by fatigue; enemies outside and enemies inside the city, with dispirited allies and with faithless generals; such was the position of those thousand heroes, who had to stop their ears not to hear the sighs of a population decimated by hunger and the tempting words of their enemies, who on seeing this heroic devotion became furious, and cursed what they could not appreciate.

Practical matter-of-fact people will shrug their shoulders, and say, "What fantastic folly!" No, it was not folly, but heroism, and that the most pure and most sublime. Not the public, showy heroism of a Curtius, but the modest, self-sacrificing heroism of the sentinel dying at his post.

The famine had now reached its acmé; the corpses of those unfortunate people who had sunk down from exhaustion were to be seen in the streets; the horses fell down to rise no more, and a voracious crowd rushed upon the carrion, and fought for the torn-off pieces. It was obvious that things must come to an issue soon. The partisans of the Liberals enticed the people to revolt; they pointed out to them certain places, where maize was kept in store, and tried to bait the crowd with this, alas! fictitious booty.

At last, at seven o'clock a.m., on June 8th, a great number of people advanced against the Theatre Iturbide; the report circulated among the crowd that a great quantity of grain was stored in the hall. The Mexican people are too careless and easy to become passionate; but there were some ringleaders, as everywhere, who understood their business. In a moment the doors were smashed, and the hungry crowd invaded the building. Clever hands had smug-

gled into it a few sacks full of grain, which were plundered.

When the riot threatened to become serious, and the population of the suburbs thronged to the market-place, and their intention of marching against one of the gates, to disarm its defenders, and to deliver the city into the hands of the enemy transpired, the crowd had to be dispersed, and it was the painful task of the European cavalry to attack these starving people! But no sword was used. On the contrary, the prefect of the administration had given them permission to search those houses which were said to contain secreted stores, and the hussars and gendarmes were running about the city distributing the results of their confiscations.

The people had tried revolt; they must be prevented from repeating the attempt. It was reported that the Liberals intended to bring about another rising, and with more method than was first employed. As soon as it should be in operation, it was intended to take possession of some churches, and to ring the alarm-bells, on which signal the crowd were to be directed against the gates, whilst the besieging army advanced against the city. In this manner, the garrison, attacked in front and in rear, would easily be overpowered, and

it was even likely that they might surrender without fighting.

On the 9th of June a sortie was attempted, in which all the European troops participated; but they were repulsed, as no means had been provided for passing the ditches of the fortifications of the enemy. In the evening, the report was current that this sortie had taken place in order to assist the approaching Emperor. Even now he was said to have repulsed a division of five thousand Liberals who had attempted to bar his way, and in a few days he could not fail to be at the gates of Mexico.

This news gained in consistency every hour, on the 10th and 11th of June. The Imperial army was advancing, but moved slowly, on account of the many wounded they had with them. A spy, with a letter from Porfirio Diaz, had been arrested. The besieging general implored his allies to cause the people inside to rise very soon, or else he would have to raise the siege.

At last, on June 14th, a brilliant piece of news was circulated. The general of artillery, Don Ramirez Arellano, was in the city, which he had entered under the disguise of a charcoal-burner. He had left the Emperor at Maravatio; the army was victorious; Querétaro had been evacuated for want of provisions, but Escobedo

had been totally beaten; Maximilian would not give up his wounded, and by this his march had been delayed. Therefore he sent one of his generals to announce his immediate arrival, and to calm the city. This time the report was not false, for several persons had seen his messenger. The joy was excessive. There was much ringing of bells, cannon shots, illuminations, etc. The enemy believed that the revolt had broken out, and directed several columns to attack the garitas of S. Cosmo and Beten. They were permitted to approach. But when they were only one hundred and fifty metres off the place, they were crushed by the fire of the batteries placed there. The besiegers fled, leaving several hundreds dead on the ground. The empire had not yet fallen; the Emperor was no prisoner; the enemy had received just and severe punishment. Heaven knows whether the next rising sun would find them still before the walls of Mexico. On the next day all was quiet.

On the 17th, Colonel Khevenhueller received a letter from Baron Lago, the Austrian *chargé d'affaires*, who had left Querétaro on June 2nd, and returned to Tacubaya on the 16th. The following were the contents of that letter:—

I have seen his Majesty several times in his prison in the Convent de las Capuchinas.

General Marquez has, doubtless, retained an autograph letter which his Majesty wrote and sent you by Baron Magnus. In that letter his Majesty ordered you and all other officers of Austrian nationality to abstain from any further bloodshed. I beg to inform you of this in my quality of Austrian *chargé d'affaires*, holding you and other officers of Austrian nationality responsible for the blood of each Austrian, and this in the name of His I. R. Apostolic Majesty. —Receive, count, the expression of my perfect regard.

The *chargé d'affaires* of Austria,

BARON LAGO.

TACUBAYA, 16*th June*, 1867.

To Colonel Count Ch. de Khevenhueller, Mexico.

This letter petrified the Austrian colonels. They assembled, and, after having consulted, they wrote to General Marquez, informing him that, responding to the order of the Emperor, they were resolved to lay down their arms.

Marquez did not give any answer.

These gentlemen had written at the same time to Baron Lago, and given him power to inform Porfirio Diaz of their conditions. They were willing to lay down their arms, and not to take any part in the defence of the city, even in

the case not likely to happen, that the Imperial generals should have the intention of continuing it without their concurrence. However, they demanded—an unmolested retreat with all military honours, maintenance of their neutrality, and protection of it by an escort during their march, if required; finally, maintenance for the troops until they reached Vera Cruz.

On the 19th, Baron Lago answered that these conditions had been accepted, and sent a copy of the agreements as proposed by the besieging general. The following are its contents:—

Art. 1. The basis of this present agreement is, that the Austrian soldiers shall desist from the present moment from any participation in any hostility against the Republican army.

Art. 2. If they leave the capital on the 20th inst., and report themselves at the headquarters of the said army, General Porfirio Diaz warrants to all of them free retreat to Vera Cruz without an escort, and at the expense of the Republican government, and he warrants also the baggage. The officers will remain in the possession of their arms and horses; all other arms and horses will be delivered up to the general-in-chief.

Art. 3. In the case that the above-mentioned time should pass without any use having been

made of these promises, however, with observation of the principle expressed in section 1., if the soldiers, in case of a fight, should assemble in the palace, and hoist the white flag, the General Porfirio Diaz warrants, in the case of the capture of Mexico, the lives only of the Austrian soldiers, leaving them otherwise at the disposal of the Republican government.

Art. 4. Those persons who, in one of the above-mentioned cases, should desire to remain in the country, will receive from the general the required security for their person and baggage.

Art. 5. In reference to those who, being at distant posts, could not be informed in time, this circumstance would find consideration only until the morning of the 21st inst., later they would only have a right to claim the promises of section 3, made to those who should retire to the palace.

Art. 6. In all these conditions granted to Austrians are included all those who, without belonging to the Mexican nation, are under the same command. As to the Mexicans, General Porfirio Diaz cannot anticipate the decision of the Republican government, by granting them conditions which might be prejudicial to its resolutions.

Art. 7. General Porfirio Diaz desires to be informed in time of the marching out from

Mexico, in order to be able to assist it by all means at his disposal.

Baron Lago added to this :

In communicating to you this agreement, I expect your final decision by the messenger who brings this official letter, and think it to be my duty to maintain the substance of my official letter of the 16th inst., adding that H. M. the Emperor Maximilian declared to me repeatedly that Marquez was the greatest traitor.

On the same day the colonels answered Baron Lago that they, conforming to Art. 2, would be at latest at ten o'clock a.m., 21st inst., in Tacubaya.

During these negociations, Marquez had disappeared, and Tabera had assumed the command. He sent commissioners to Porfirio Diaz. One of them returned from the Liberal army to Mexico at six o'clock p.m., and a truce was agreed on for twenty-four hours.

On the 20th the Colonels Kodolich and Khevenhueller wrote to Tabera, to ask his permission to go to Tacubaya, to ratify their agreements made with the commander of the besieging army. They did not receive any answer. They wrote again for the same purpose, and requesting also General Tabera to give orders for the timely relief of the far distant posts. This second letter was answered favour-

ably in both cases,—but it was already too late. Whilst these episodes occurred, the truce came to an end.

The Republican government, to whom Porfirio Diaz had telegraphed the conditions proposed by General Tabera, had ordered him only to accept a surrender without any conditions. Hostilities had again commenced everywhere, and it was no longer possible to make use of the permission to go to Tacubaya.

However, the foreign troops assembled in the palace. The resumption of hostilities, and the undecided behaviour of the besieged generals, did not permit of their leaving the city. General Porfirio Diaz sent, by the American consul, the communication that he would consider Art. 2 as executed, if the foreign troops would assemble in the palace, and hoist the white flag. This had been done already. In the night Tabera capitulated.

On 21st June, at dawn, the advanced guard of the enemy entered the city in silence, and in good order.

The Mexican Empire thus expired!

We cannot forbear to profit by the opportunity which is here presented to us to give a brilliant testimonial of regard and gratitude to

General Porfirio Diaz, whose behaviour in this whole sad affair was truly chivalrous.

Thanks to his honourable character, and that of Colonel Kodolich, all difficult points were arranged with the greatest delicacy.

It is to be regretted that the same delicacy did not prevail in the actions of those who ought to have given the example of it. The ministers of Austria, France, and Belgium showed a stinginess and a narrowness of mind which is difficult to be understood.

Whilst those who were enemies only the day before treated the European prisoners with regard, they found in the representatives of their various countries nothing but selfishness and pusillanimity. The means for the return home were refused, and many of these unfortunate men, longing with all their hearts to return to their families, were compelled to remain exiled in this country, which had only recently been moistened by the blood of their sovereign; and a great number, compelled by hunger, had to enlist in the Mexican army.

We do not exaggerate when we state that, without the noble behaviour of Mr. Davidson, the banker, in Mexico, and correspondent of the house of Rothschild, who generously opened his strong-box, the European troops would not have been able to reach Vera Cruz.

At the moment we write this, the Austrians only are certain of being embarked. The French and the Belgians will perhaps be compelled to remain in Vera Cruz, and wait there until the yellow fever shall put an end to their sufferings. They have no other hope left but the indefatigable exertions of Colonel Kodolich, who, notwithstanding all their afflictions, has remained amongst them, comforting and encouraging them by his own example, and assisting them with his means.

PUEBLA, *July* 25, 1867.

THE END.

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